

Highlights for Children

December
1960

*Spencer 22
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P. 21 31*

now incorporating

Children's Activities

fun

with a
purpose

Hello!



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Incorporating Children's Activities
December
1960



Awarded
The 1960 Brotherhood
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by
The National Conference
of Christians and Jews

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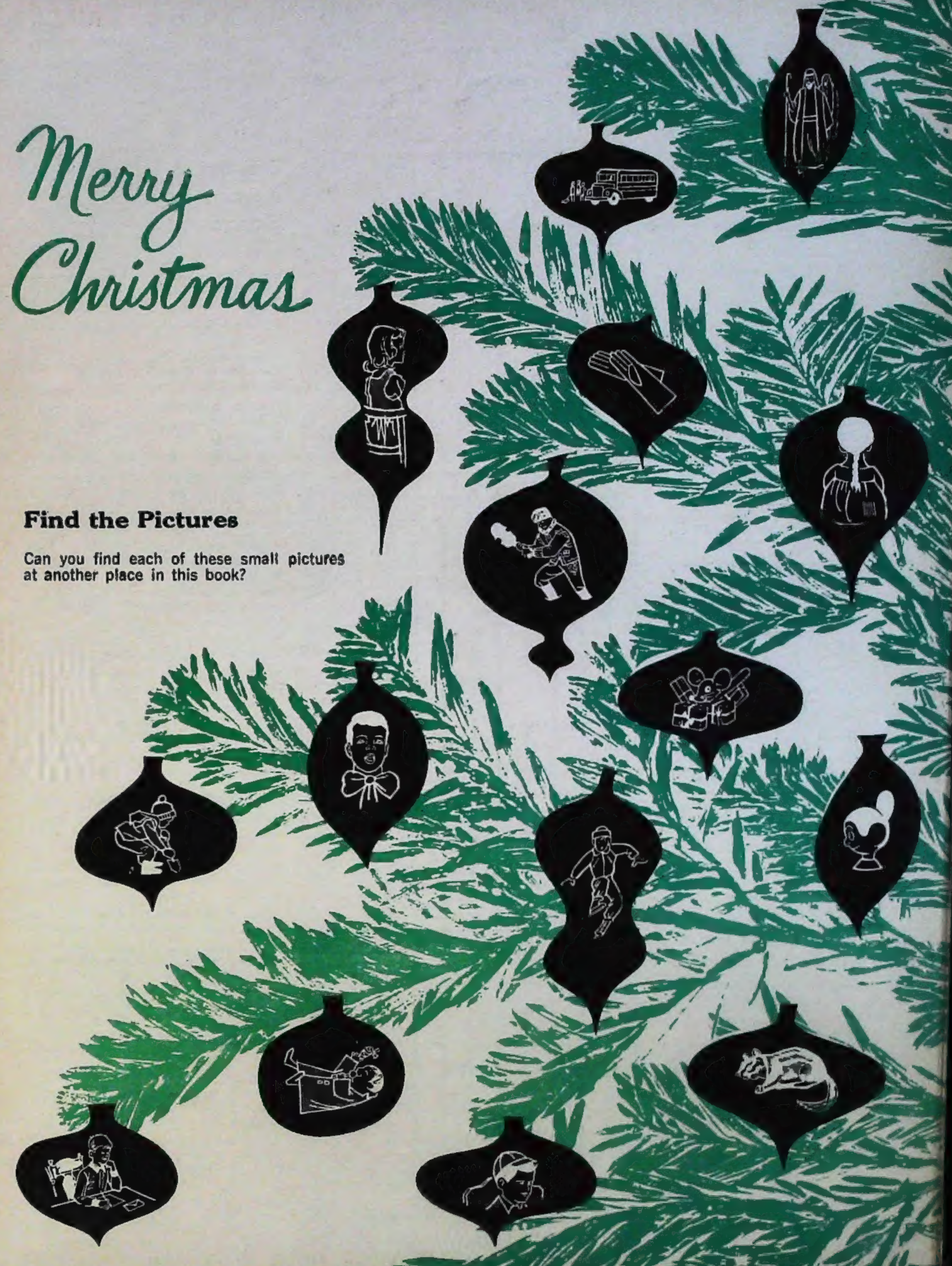
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**EDUCATIONAL
PRESS
ASSOCIATION
OF
AMERICA**

Can you find each of these small pictures at another place in this book?



This chart is to guide parents and teachers in selecting features from this issue which will prove most helpful to each particular child.

A Guide for Parents and Teachers

What Is Emphasized

Page	Preparation for Reading	Easy Reading	More Advanced Reading	Manners, Conduct, Living With Others	Health and Safety	Moral or Spiritual Values	Appreciation of Music and Other Arts	Nature and Science	Our Country, Other Lands and Peoples	Stimulation To Think and Reason	Stimulation To Create
3 Find the Pictures	✓									✓	
5 Editorial			✓	✓		✓					
6 The Sledding Party			✓								
8 Now, What Do You Say?		✓		✓							
10 Thinking Is Fun	✓	✓	✓							✓	
11 The Bear Family	✓	✓				✓					
12 The Timbertoes	✓	✓									
13 Sammy Spivens			✓	✓							
14 Hidden Pictures	✓	✓								✓	
15 Grandfather and Fiddle			✓								
16 Crossword Puzzle		✓								✓	
17 Fun With Phonics	✓	✓								✓	
18 Gift for Christ Child			✓			✓					
20 Aloysius			✓								
21 Matching Pictures	✓	✓								✓	
22 Animals Have Pockets			✓				✓				
24 Mary McLeod Bethune			✓						✓		
26 For Wee Folks	✓	✓								✓	
27 A Present		✓									
28 Lotke Time			✓						✓		
29 Mixed-up Story	✓	✓								✓	
30 Goofus and Gallant	✓	✓		✓		✓					
31 Treasure Hunt	✓	✓									
32 Our Own Pages		✓	✓								✓
35 Christmas Cards			✓								✓
36 God's Secret			✓			✓					
37 Things Wondered About			✓				✓			✓	
38 Try This!			✓				✓			✓	
39 Paper Santas			✓								✓
40 Things To Make			✓								✓
42 Headwork	✓	✓	✓							✓	



This star seen at the bottom of many pages indicates a footnote to parents and teachers.

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"We learn to work together at school."

When you were only two or three, it was not easy to share your toys with another child. When he started to play with one of your toys, you wanted it right away. Maybe you screamed "No!" and tried to grab it away from him.

If you were in this playmate's home, he may have found it hard to share his toys with you. When he was having fun with one toy he may have screamed "No!" when you began to play with another toy of his.

As you grew older, you learned to let your playmate play with some of yours while you played with some other toys of your own. In your playmate's home, your playmate learned to let you play with some of his toys while he played with others of his.

By and by you and your playmates each learned to play without quarreling over toys. Maybe you learned to play together with his wagon or yours. Perhaps you had some blocks. Perhaps he also had some. Maybe you and he learned to build with them together often. If you had a slide, swing, or teeter-totter, you and your playmate and other playmates learned to take turns using it.

At school you also got more practice at taking turns. In case you have been in school for one, two, or more years you have learned to share more often on the playground and in the classroom. But some other children may not always have been ready to share and take turns. Even you may have forgot at times. So the teacher had to make some rules for all the children and see that they obeyed these rules. Sometimes she may have let all you children help her to make these rules. But most of the time she had to see that all children obeyed these rules.

At school you found that it was not all play.

Larry C. Myers



Here the child sees how he has learned to share at play and work.

The Sledding Party

By Jane Meier

Illustrated by Jerome Welsman

Benny Murphy's door chimes jingled merrily as if they knew Christmas was only a week away. Benny hurried to the door. Outside stood his best friends, Tom and Jack, their cheeks and noses cherry-red from the nippy December air. They wore their heaviest jackets, gloves, warm caps, and rubber boots. Each had a sled.

"Hurry up, Benny!" said Tom. "We don't want to be late for the sledding party!"

"Be right with you, fellows," yelled Benny as he put on his cap and pulled on his boots. "Bye, Mom," he called as he slammed the door behind him. He grabbed the rope attached to his sled, and off they went.

Eagerly anticipating their afternoon's fun and excitement, the three friends walked along in the snow toward the school where the bus was waiting to take them to Goose Hill. Goose Hill was the best place in all the world for sledding. Everyone said so.

"I can hardly wait to jump on my sled and go flying down that

hill!" said Jack. "Boy, isn't it swell of Miss Wilkins to take us out there for our Christmas party?"

"It surely is," answered Benny. "And we're going to her house afterward for sandwiches and hot chocolate. We'll exchange gifts, too."

As they waited for the traffic light to turn green at Elm Avenue, Benny looked across the street and noticed a large, dark object lying by the walk. When they arrived at the spot, they found it was a dog. He lay motionless as the snow fell upon his fur. He made no effort to move as the boys came to him.

"He looks so sick," said Benny. "See how thin he is. Why, you can count every rib! Poor dog!" He knelt beside him and gently stroked his head. Still the dog did not stir.

"Come on, Benny," said Jack. "We'll be late. We can't help him now."

But Benny couldn't leave the poor, sick creature there in the snow to die. "You go on, fellows," he said. "I'm going to try to get him back home where it's warm. He'll die out here in the cold."

"But you'll miss the sledding party, Benny," said Tom. "Come on!"

Benny shook his head. "You go on. I just can't leave him. He's so helpless."

Reluctantly the boys began pulling their sleds in the direction of the school.

Benny looked the dog over carefully. He knew a great deal about animals because he had spent a lot of time on his uncle's farm at the edge of town. With great care, he lifted the dog to his sled, and turned back toward home.

He struggled through the deep snow, pulling the dog behind him. As he lifted the sled down a curb,

he looked over his shoulder and saw the school bus pulling around the corner at Elm Avenue. It headed out Pine Street, in the direction of Goose Hill. Tears stung Benny's eyes as he realized he had missed the Christmas party. He brushed aside the tears with his glove and trudged on.

When he arrived home, he left the sled outside, took off his boots, and went in. His mother was stirring something in a pan on the stove. "Why, Benny," she said, "what are you doing home?"

"Mother," Benny began, "I found a sick dog out in the snow. I knew he'd die if I didn't get him to a warm spot. He's outside. Would you please help me bring him in by the fire?"

"Of course, dear," his mother said.

She dried her hands on her apron, and they hurried out into the snow together. Together they lifted the sled, dog and all, into the living room where there was a roaring fire in the fireplace. Benny brought a blanket, and they lifted the dog off the sled and onto the blanket.

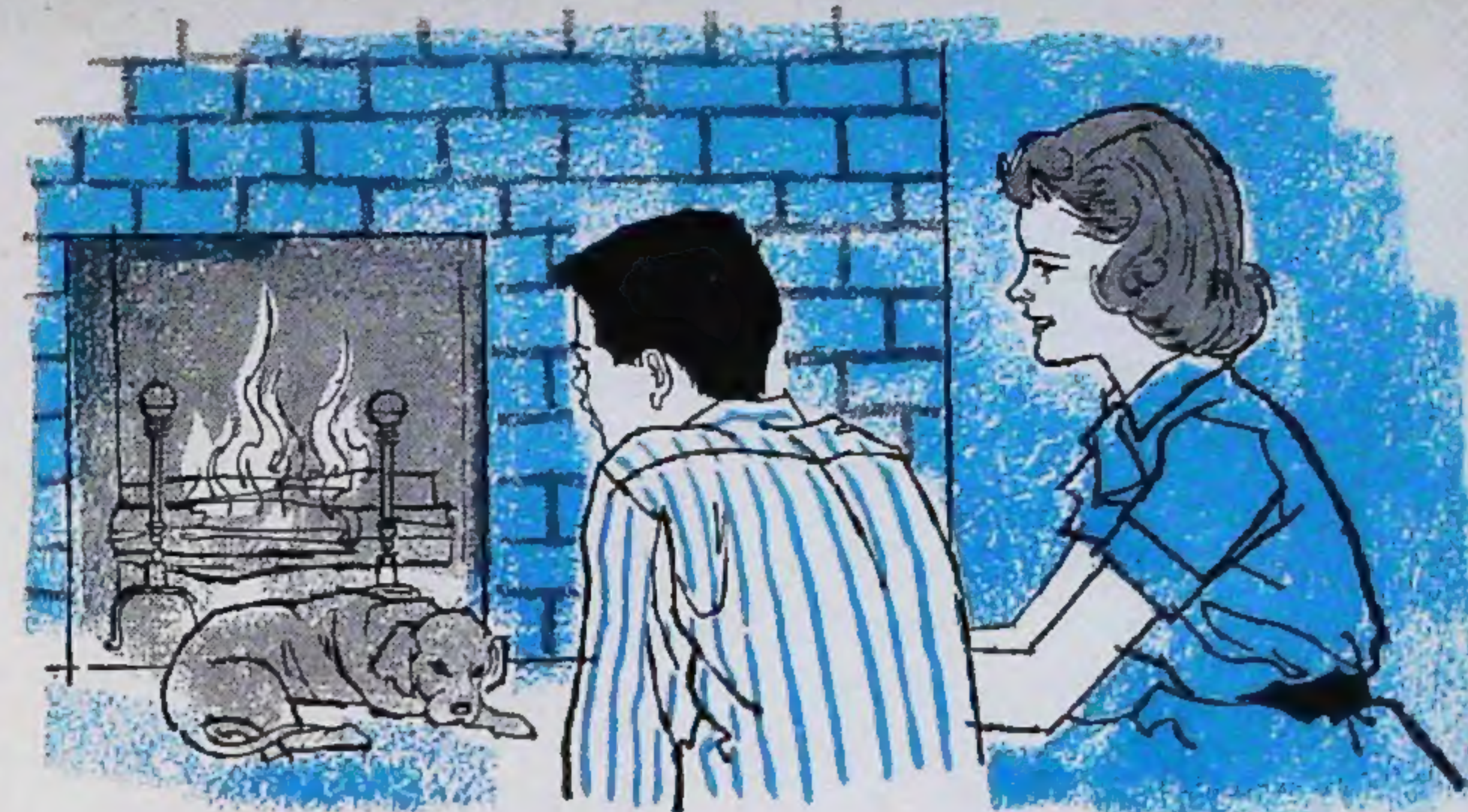
"I'll warm some milk for him, Benny, while you phone Dr. Rollins. I'm sure he needs a doctor."

"All right, Mother," said Benny as he went to the phone. Dr. Rollins said he would be right out.

Mrs. Murphy came in with the warm milk and put it beside the dog's head. He looked up at them with grateful eyes, and leaned over and took one lick of milk. His rope-like tail lifted and fell in a feeble attempt to wag. He looked up at them with sad eyes, but made no attempt to drink.

Benny stroked his fur gently and talked softly to him.

His mother knelt beside him. "Honey," she said, as she put her



arm around his shoulders, "you've done a kind, unselfish thing, bringing this poor dog home and missing the Christmas party with your classmates. I am very proud of you."

"Thanks, Mom," said Benny, "but I couldn't have had any fun thinking of him out there in the snow."

Dr. Rollins, a veterinarian, came and examined the dog. He gave him an injection of penicillin, and left instructions to keep him warm and feed him only warm milk for a day or two. He said he would phone the next day to see how he was. Patting Benny on the head,

he said, "I'm sure I can pull him through, Benny. He's a pretty sick dog but he's going to be all right."

When Dr. Rollins left, Benny stirred up the fire and sat down on the floor beside his new friend. He touched the dog's head and he seemed to stir.

"Mother," called Benny excitedly, "he's getting better! He tried to wag his tail!"

Mrs. Murphy came into the room. "That's fine, Benny," she said. "I'm very glad."

Benny felt warm and happy inside. Somehow it didn't matter any more that he had missed the party.



"Know what I want for Christmas? One of EVERYTHING!"

★ Benny missed the Christmas party but had Christmas in his heart.

Verse

For Birds in Winter

By Bertha Wilcox Smith

Christmas Bells

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

The Mouse and the Popcorn String

By Gabrielle Waugh

Guess who lives quiet as a mouse
under our house?

Why, a mouse!

Since last year's Christmas celebrations
He's made his home in our decorations.

A string of popcorn we packed
away

Has been his breakfast every day.
This year, I think, when I help to pack,
I'll add some cheese for an extra snack.

The First Snowfall

By James Russell Lowell

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down
And still fluttered down the snow.

Jokes and Riddles

Selected by Children Seven to Twelve Years of Age

"The laundry made a mistake and sent me the wrong shirt. The collar is so tight I can hardly breathe."
"That's your shirt, all right. But you've got your head through the buttonhole."

Suzy Michael—Indiana

Teacher: "If I laid two eggs on this side of the table and two eggs on that side of the table, how many would I have all together?"

Pupil: "I don't know, teacher. But I'll bet you couldn't do it."

Diana Ingram—Missouri

Small Boy: "My watch won't run any more."

Mother: "Maybe it needs cleaning."

Small Boy: "Oh, no, it couldn't. Only this morning I had it in the bathtub with me."

Gaye Motley—North Carolina

Housewife: "Well, come in and I'll give you the meal you want. Are your feet dirty?"

Tramp: "Yes, ma'am, but I got my shoes on."

Lucy Johns—Maryland

Little Girl: "My cat can talk."

Mother: "Really?"

Little Girl: "Yes. I asked her what 2 minus 2 was, and she said nothing."

Mary Ellen Lipinski—Ohio

Peggy: "These shoes are too narrow and pointed."

Salesman: "But they're wearing narrow, pointed shoes this year."

Peggy: "Maybe, but I'm still wearing last year's feet."

Jean Smiderski—Georgia

"Does your umbrella leak like this all the time?"

"No, only when it rains."

Deborah Rollenson—South Carolina

1. Why are the western prairies so flat?

Sally Love—Texas

2. What did the necktie say to the hat?

Gerald Hans—Illinois

3. What was Adam's favorite song?

Sue Ellen Banks—Ohio

4. Why is a weary duck like an automobile?

Ronald Miller—Illinois

5. What's the best way to catch a squirrel?

Linda Houston—Maryland

6. Do you know how long cows should be milked?

Ira Jay Cohen—New York

Answers:

1. The sun sets on them every night. 2. "You go on ahead." 3. "There's Only One Girl in the World for Me." 4. Because they are both tired. 5. Go up a tree and act like a nut. 6. The same as short ones.

Send us the funniest joke or the best riddle you ever heard, with your name, age, and home address. If we think it good enough, we might print it in HIGHLIGHTS. Mail to Highlights for Children, Honesdale, Pa.

Now, What Do You Say?

You are a nurse
and you rush to see a patient
because a dinosaur bit him.
You bandage him all up,
and he says, "Oh, nurse,
you have saved my life.
Thank you."

What do you say?



By Sesyle Joslin Pictures by Maurice Sendak



You say,
You're welcome.

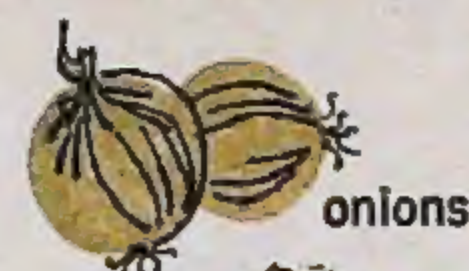
From HIGHLIGHTS for Children, Honesdale, Pa.

If some or all of these foods were being prepared for Christmas dinner, which ones would give off strong odors?

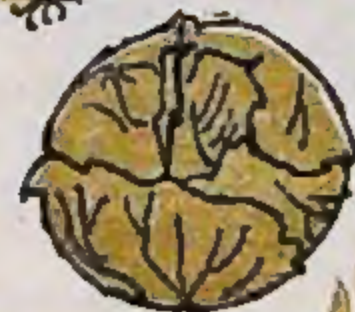
Which do you like to smell?



cranberry sauce



onions



cabbage



turkey



cinnamon rolls



potatoes



pumpkin pie



bread



pear

Thinking Is Fun

In what way are all these things alike?

How is the jewelry different from the other things?

Can you name any other jewelry?



fur cap



ring



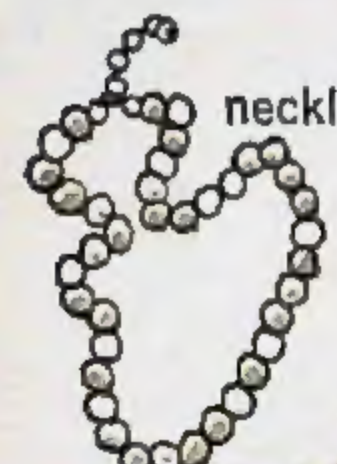
brooch



bracelet



gloves



necklace



sweater

Which of these things can you bend, fold, or squeeze together, in order to make them smaller so they may be carefully wrapped or carried?

Which of them must be wrapped or carried most carefully?

stockings

gloves

potted plant

mirror

sweater

handbag

watch

rag doll

scarf

skis

sled

skates

boy's cap

box of candy

records

blanket

electric train

toy balloon

book

model airplane

basketball

necktie

candlesticks

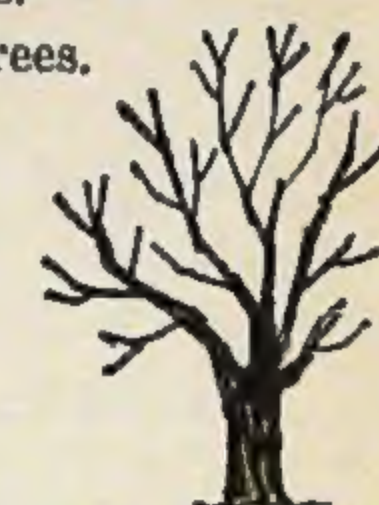
Christmas cookies



pine



spruce



peach



birch



cedar

Trees which shed their leaves in winter are called deciduous trees. Trees which keep their leaves all winter are called evergreen trees. Pick out the deciduous trees. The evergreen trees. Other deciduous trees.

Telling the Truth

By Garry Cleveland Myers

Pictures by Z. Virginia Filson



Poozy: "Pop, did you ever tell a lie when you were a boy?"

Father: "A few. And I'm sorry I did."

Piddy: "Bet you never did, Mommy."

Mother: "I guess I did, too, sometimes. And that was bad."



Poozy: "Everything you and Mommy say now, we can believe."

Woozy: "That makes it easy for us."



Father: "It's hard to be happy when people can't believe what we say."

Piddy: "You don't feel right then, do you?"



Woozy: "And when someone makes a promise and doesn't keep it."

Poozy: "That makes me awfully mad."



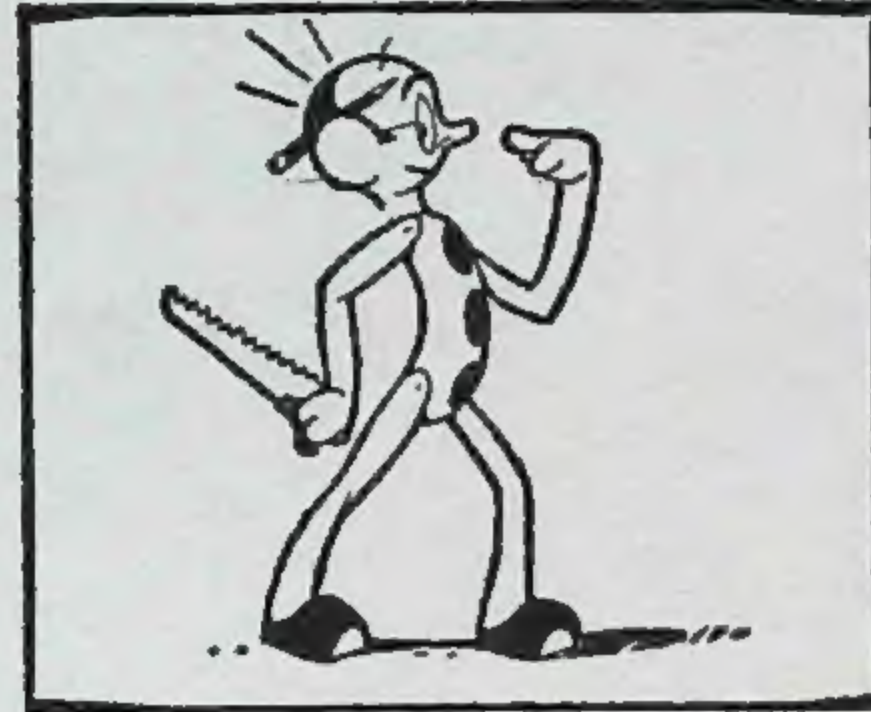
Woozy: "When you and Pop make us a promise, we can count on it."

Piddy: "I want to be like that."

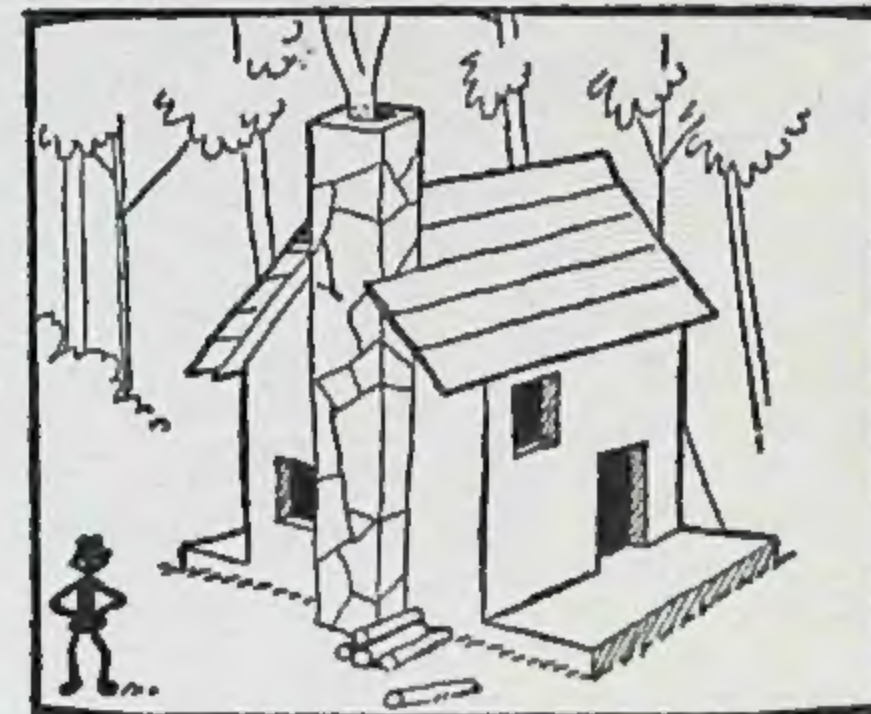


THE TIMBERTOES

by John Gee

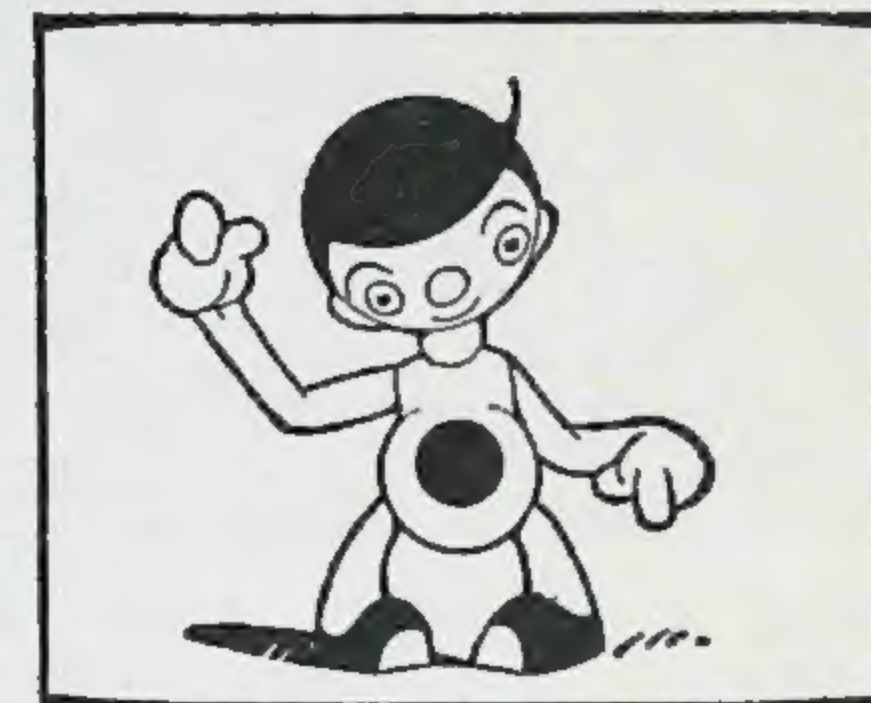
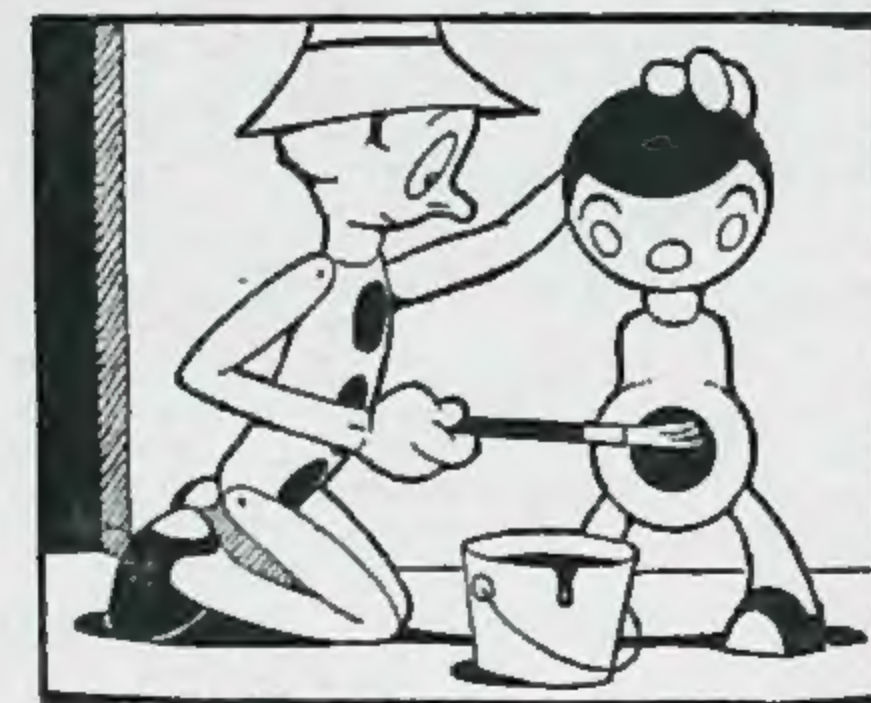


I am Mr. Timbertoes. I am a carpenter. I am made of wood. This is Mrs. Timbertoes. I made her out of wood.

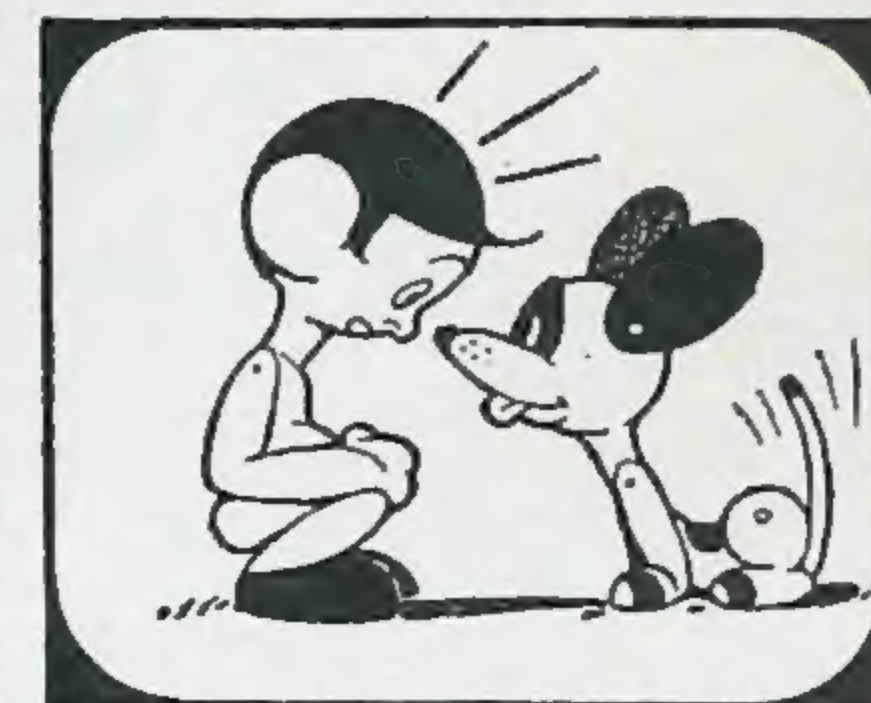


Mrs. Timbertoes wanted a house.

So I made her a house out of wood. We found that we were lonesome.



So I made a surprise out of wood. It was a little boy. We named him Tommy. We were very happy.



But Tommy had no playmate. So I made him a dog out of wood. His name is Spot. Merry Christmas to all!

★ With strong emotional appeal, the step from listening and looking is made easy.

Sammy Spivens

By Dorothy Waldo Phillips

Hello there:

Imagine a tangly-angry weed sprouting at Christmas time!

Sammy rushed in saying, "That new kid David, who sits by me in school, hasn't any parents. He's been living with his uncle. But his uncle is sick, so they've taken David to the children's home."

"I felt sorry for the little guy so I was going to give him a Christmas present. It's a space helmet like mine, and it cost a whole dollar."

"Well, in school he got all scared about arithmetic, so he grabbed my paper and copied it. Was I mad! I yelled at him plenty. Then the goon called me awful names, and started a fight. So I'm returning that present. The store will give me back the money and I'll spend it on myself."

I decided Sammy must cool off. "I've been reading my English Christmas magazine," I said. "Just listen to this old English legend."

"What's a legend?" pouted Sammy.

"Legends," I said, "are fantastic, beautifully impossible stories that somebody long ago made up. They are full of fancy and imagi-

nation and might-have-beens. Down through the years people tell them to their children. This legend is about animals."

"That's for me," said Sammy, patting his dog's silky head.

"They say that out of the mystery of Christmas," I said, "much magic is still in the air. And the belief is that all animals are given the power of talking like humans for just one hour before midnight on Christmas Eve."

"However, animals have seldom taken advantage of this, possibly because they find their own language much more sensible, or perhaps because they've made people love them WITHOUT talking. Then, too, they've seen what human talking can get you into. So they can't seem to summon the courage to talk."

"Grownups," said Sammy, "are too busy talking, themselves, to be bothered listening to talking dogs or horses."

"I shall put my imagination," I continued, "on this legend, and quietly wonder whether the faithful little donkey who carried Mary so carefully to the stable was not all atremble on that first Christmas Eve, awaiting the moment when he could say, 'Soon the Little One will be here.'"

Sammy was on his way to bed on Christmas Eve.

"Think it over about David," I said. "This is the magic night."

After the joy and sparkle and glorious gifts of Christmas morning, Sammy told me what had happened.

"It came true—the legend," he said. "Butterscotch surely was



listening to that story. While I was asleep last night, he jumped on my bed and talked human language. Of course I understand animal language, but they've never talked mine before.

"You've noticed," Butterscotch said very plainly, 'that I bark at strangers? I'm just scared. But when they speak kindly, pat my head, and say "Good dog," they're my friends. After that I always wag my tail. It's been rough on David. He's scared of people and school. So he thinks he must fight his way out of his mistakes. To remember him kindly at Christmas will give him courage and faith in you.'

"At midnight Butterscotch shouted, 'Time's up! Must continue tomorrow in dog language.' And away he went."

"And away went the tangly-angry weed!" I exclaimed.

So, across the meadow to the children's home scampered one boy with two packages and one very important dog.

Maybe a dream? Yes. But let's imagine that the legend came true, eh?

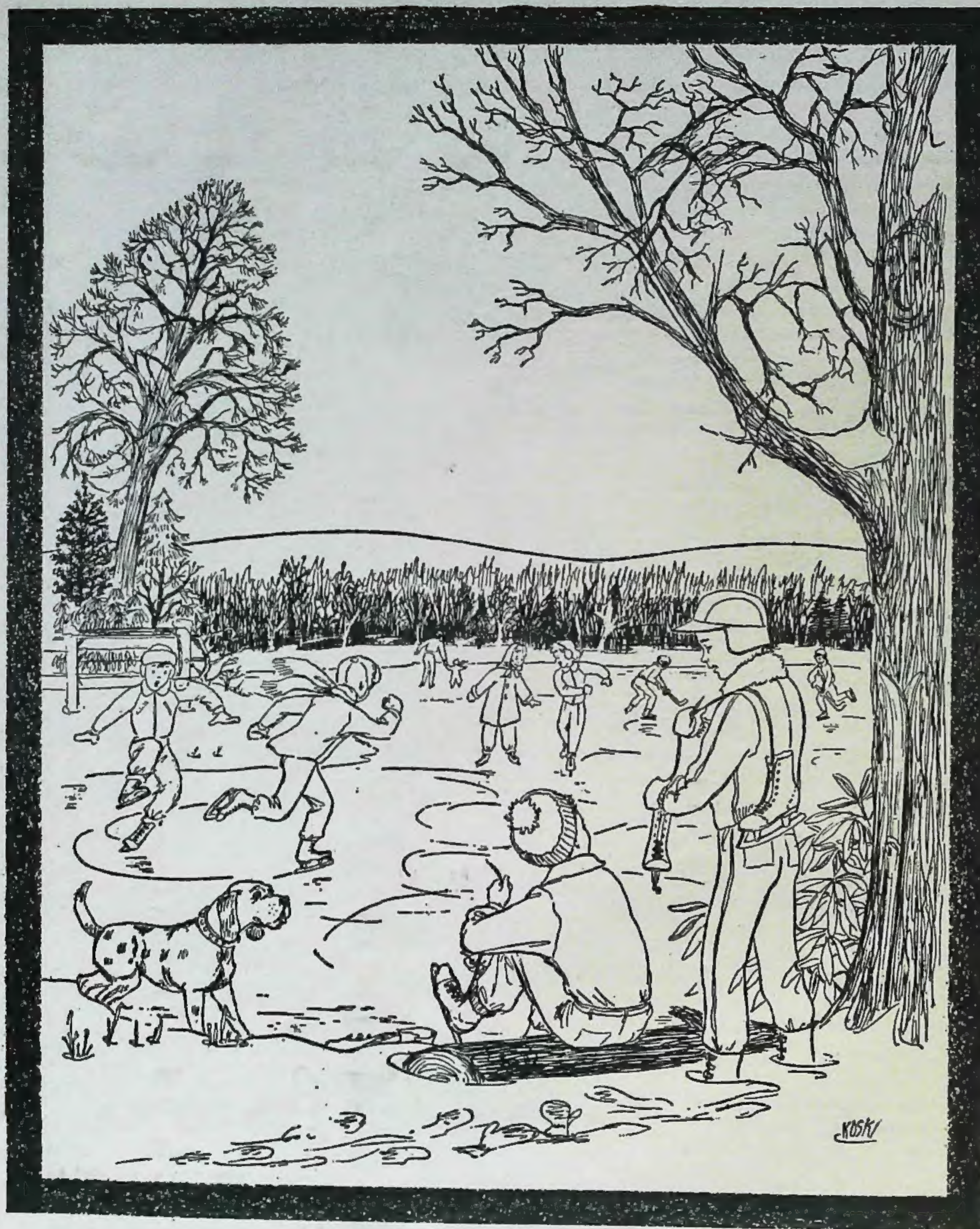
Joyous Christmas!
Aunt Dorothy

P.S. Columbus says, "650 children at Christmas time! Wow, my whiskers!"



★ Because Sammy has imagination, his heart prompts him to make a good Christmas choice.





Hidden Pictures

In this large picture find the mittens, sled, hockey stick, dog's head, skis, cap, snow man, sock, bear, two funny faces.

How Grandfather Played His Big Bass Fiddle

A True Story

By Freda Kozik

Illustrated by Lee Hodges

Grandfather was born and grew up in a little town in Poland, close to the Russian border. Grandfather was a hard-working farmer who spent long hours toiling in the fields or around the barn.

When Grandfather was not working, usually he could be found playing a big bass fiddle or a little concertina, smiling, nodding his head, tapping his foot, sometimes singing, or even giving wild whoops of joy as he played an exciting polka. How he loved music! And how the neighbors loved his music! No celebration was complete without Grandfather. He was invited to all the weddings, christenings, confirmations, and feast-day gatherings for miles around.

One night, very late, in the dead of winter, Grandfather and his brother were returning home from a wedding celebration in a neighboring town. Snow was on the ground. It was very, very cold—so cold they could see their breath in front of them. The moon shining through the trees made long black shadows that

moved eerily along the ground. There were no houses in sight. Oh, it was a lonely scene!

Grandfather and his brother shivered, wishing they were home, warm and safe in their beds. But there they were, bundled up in their heavy coats, with their sheepskin collars pulled up as high as they would go, and their fur caps pulled down as low as they would go. Grandfather's brother carried a violin case under one arm. And Grandfather? Poor Grandfather had a big bass fiddle case strapped over his shoulder and slung across his back. So they trudged the miles toward home.

Suddenly they stopped! What was that? A wolf's howl? They listened. All was still. They walked on. There it was again! No ques-

tion this time. It was a wolf. Its mournful cry made Grandfather's spine tingle. They hurried on. The wolf howled again. This time it sounded closer. Grandfather pointed. There on a little ridge across a field the wolf was slinking, looking their way. It was enough to make a strong man afraid.

Both Grandfather and his brother knew that hungry wolves will sometimes attack a man. Because the weather had been severe, it had been difficult for wild animals to get enough food this winter. Was this wolf hungry? Would he attack them? Perhaps he would! Even worse, both Grandfather and his brother knew that wolves usually travel in packs. Had this wolf been calling the others in his pack? Would his howls bring nine or ten wolves at their heels? Cold as it was, Grandfather now felt very, very warm.

The men continued to walk as fast as they could. The wolf continued to walk along the ridge across the field from them, looking their way from time to time, and



stopping to pierce the cold, still night with his mournful howl.

"Hurry, hurry," panted Grandfather's brother. "Let's run."

"It would do no good. We have too many heavy clothes on. We could not run far enough or fast enough," Grandfather replied.

"What shall we do?" The wolf was now coming slowly across the field toward them. "Could we climb a tree?"

But dressed as they were, and with snow girdling the trunks of the trees, they both knew this was impossible.

The wolf was coming closer.

"Perhaps we could throw the violin at him, or beat him off with

your fiddle," said Grandfather's brother.

This suggestion seemed to give Grandfather new life. "No, no, no! Never! Not my big bass fiddle! Never, I say! No, no, no!"

And still the wolf came closer. Now they could see his eyes glistening and his ears laid back against his head. Something had to be done, and Grandfather did it.

Moving back under a large tree, he opened his big bass fiddle case, took out the bow, stood the fiddle against his knee, and drew the bow lightly across the strings.

The wolf stopped. He cocked his head to one side and pricked up his ears.

Grandfather drew the bow across the strings again, but this time the sound was loud and heavy, and very low and threatening.

The wolf looked startled, gave a leap, and loped away with long strides, his bushy tail waving a frightened farewell.

Grandfather patted the fiddle fondly, carefully wiped some snow off it, and put it back in the case. Then he and his brother walked on home through the still, cold night, one with a violin case tucked under his arm, the other with a big bass fiddle case slung across his back.

And that is how Grandfather came to play his big bass fiddle for a wolf.



Christmas Gift Box Puzzle

By Lucile Rosencrans

This is one box into which you may peek before Christmas. To find the hidden gift, work the crossword puzzle, then unscramble the letters in the heavily outlined squares.



Across

2. Enjoyment
4. Monkey
7. Conjunction
8. Plaything
9. Pronoun
10. Biblical garden
11. Snakelike fish
12. Girl's nickname
16. Seen by the wise men
20. A piece of ground
21. Carry
22. To wish for
23. Portion

Down

1. Tardy
2. Not costing anything
3. Hard-shelled fruits
5. Covering for beans or peas
6. Used for seeing
7. To be in debt
12. To cry
13. Period of time
14. Next number after nine
15. Coverings for the head
16. Opposite of go
17. Preposition
18. Near
19. Charge for use of property

Answer, page 34



Find all the pictures which have names that start with h.
Names that start with d.
Names that start with f.

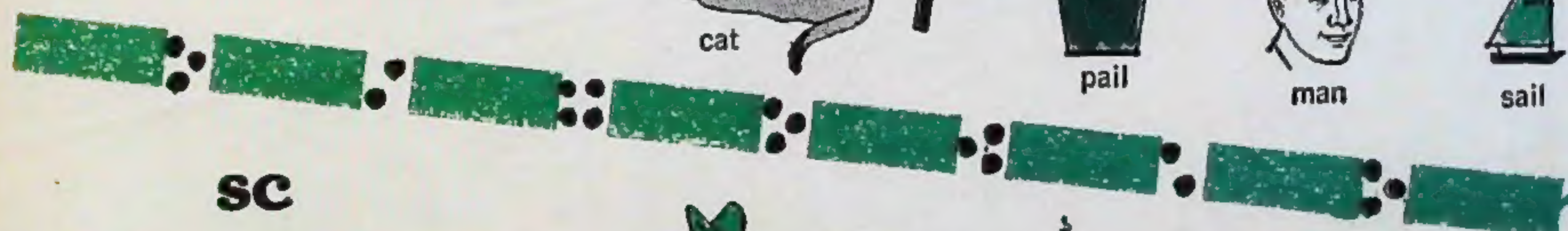


Rhyming Words

At the left, look at pan.

At the right, find the words which rhyme with it.

Do the same for the other words at the left.

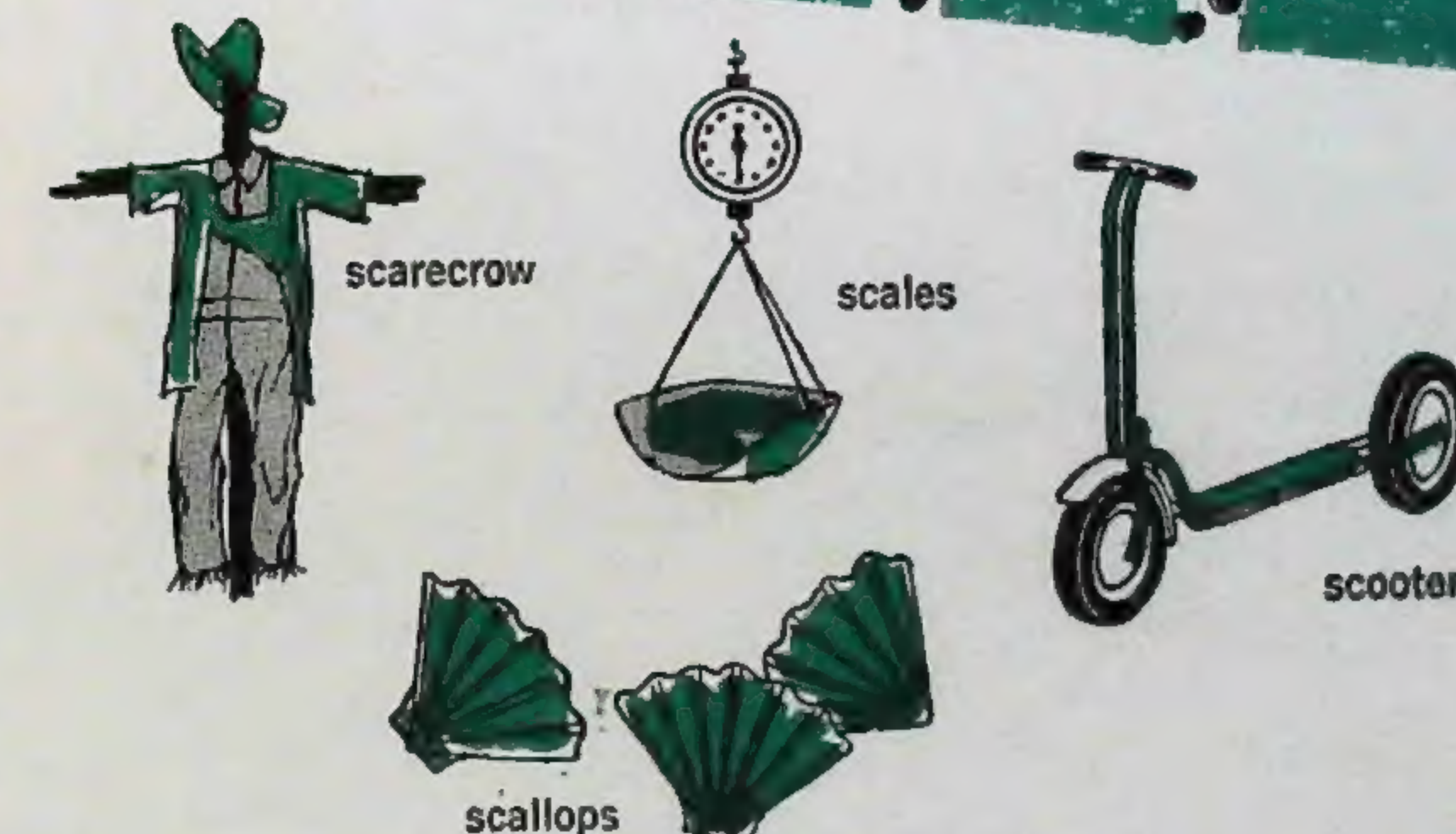


SC

Say the pictured words aloud.
Listen for the sc sound.

Now say the following words aloud.
Listen for the sc sound.

- | | | |
|--------|-------|---------|
| scarce | scar | scarlet |
| Scotch | scalp | scold |
| score | scout | screw |



Gift for the Christ Child

By Cecile B. Eubanks
Illustrated by Richard H. Sanderson

Anselm stopped to tuck his little sister's scarf closely around her throat. Then he took her mittened hand in his own. They trudged through the snowy streets of downtown Vienna.

It was Christmas Eve and Anselm had brought his sister to see the fairyland of toys and decorations.

18 Lydia's eyes grew round with wonder as she stared at the dolls and buggies—at horns, dogs, drums, and many toys she had never seen before.

But Anselm was troubled. His thoughts were with the Christ child. "Tomorrow is his birthday," he thought to himself. "I must find a gift for the Christ child."

Anselm pointed out a woolly white lamb. "Wish we could give that to the Christ child for his birthday. He was a little child, just like us."

They wandered on. Bright lights, tinkling music, Christmas carols, happy voices calling "Merry Christmas."

They stopped at a candy-store window. Their mouths watered, but they knew these beautiful candies were not for them.

Anselm drew Lydia to the next window. "Look! Flowers—pink and white and gold—and red berries and shiny green leaves. You know, Lydia, one flower would be enough."

"What for?" Lydia was puzzled.

"A gift for the child Jesus," said Anselm. "But I haven't the money for even one flower."

As they went past a concert hall, a man came out of the entrance and left the door open. Singing voices, children's voices, drifted out. "Come," said Anselm. He led Lydia to the door and they stood listening.

The man smiled down at them. "Would you like to go in?" he asked.

The children nodded their thanks, Anselm's face lighting up with happiness. "It is the Vienna Boys' Choir rehearsing for tonight's performance," he whispered. "I am trying for the choir, myself. That's the reason why I

practice my singing so much."

As they started through the door, the man stopped them. "Say, little boy, haven't I seen you before? Didn't you audition for the Boys' Choir within the last few weeks?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's your name?"

"Anselm Eder, sir."

"I thought so. There's a letter in the mail to your mother, telling her you are accepted. Next Christmas you'll be singing with the most famous boys' choir in the world. Will you like that?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" Anselm's voice faltered, he was so excited.

"Well, you may go in and watch the rehearsal now."

Fifty boys were on the stage. Anselm and Lydia scarcely moved while they sang.

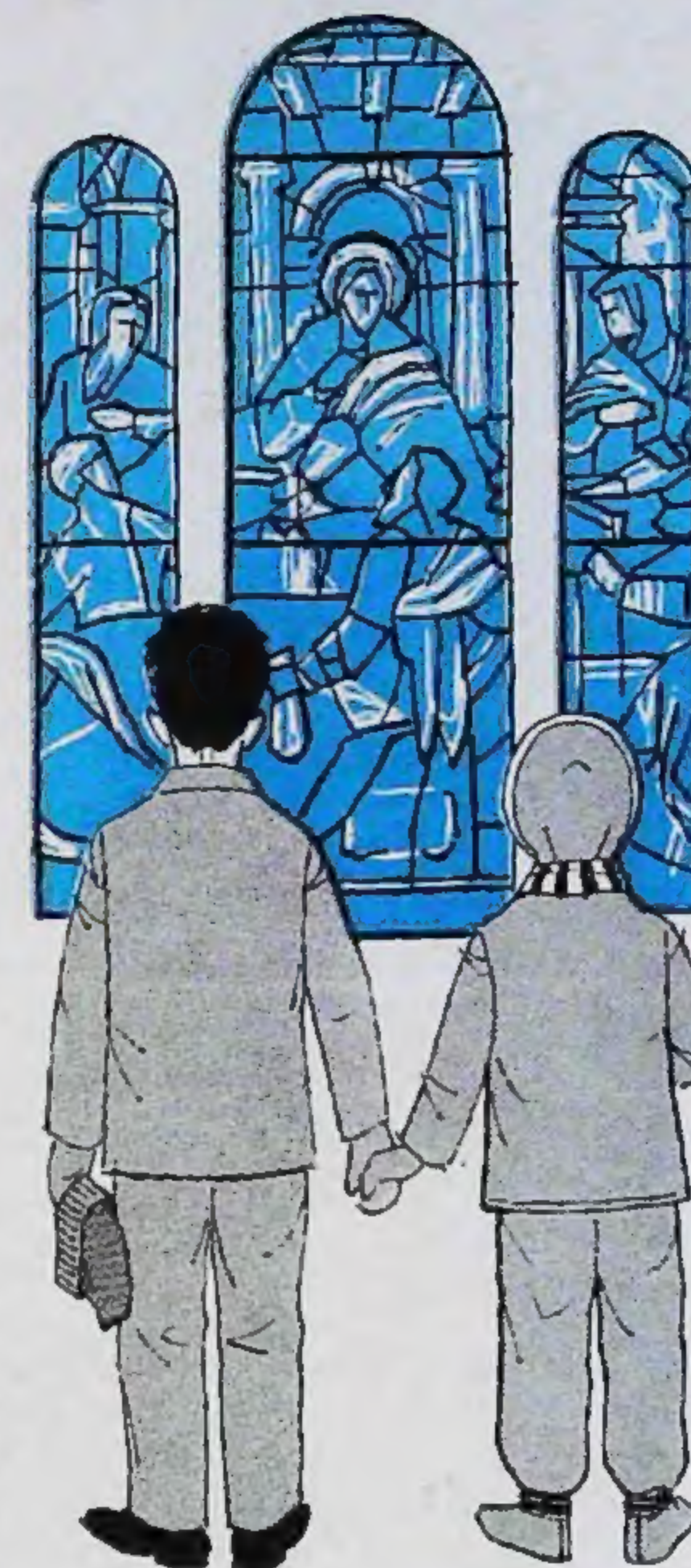
"So beautiful," Anselm murmured as the singers finished and filed out.

When the brother and sister joined the crowds on the street, they were warm again. But falling snow stung Anselm's ears. He tried to pull his wool cap down, but it wasn't long enough to cover them. He looked to see that Lydia's hood fitted snugly over her ears and against her pink cheeks. Anselm thought again of the Christ child. What gift could he give?

In the next window, a toy train went around and around. Lydia squealed with joy, but Anselm scarcely saw it. All he wanted right then was a gift for the Christ child.

At each corner, carolers were singing. In passing cars and buses, people were singing.

A woman came out of the store, laden with packages. She crossed the sidewalk to a big shining car. A package slipped from her arms. Anselm ran forward and picked it



Within two blocks they came to one of the many small churches in Vienna. "We're going in," Anselm helped Lydia up the steps.

Several persons knelt or sat in the pews. Anselm and Lydia passed them softly as they went down the dim aisle. They folded their hands and bowed their heads in front of the altar.

"Little Jesus," Anselm said softly, "we've brought you a song for your birthday." And Anselm began to sing. His voice was low and shy at first, but grew stronger as the song poured from his throat. Soon Lydia's babyish treble joined in.

When they had finished, Anselm whispered, "I hope you like our gift, little Lord Jesus."

They turned and tiptoed down the aisle.

This time when they went into the brightly lighted street, Anselm was happy, ready to enjoy the cheer that filled the city. He was contented at last. They had offered their gift to the Christ child.

19

up, wiping off the snow with his sleeve. He handed it to the lady, taking off his cap politely. "Merry Christmas," he smiled.

"Merry Christmas to you, little boy. And thank you very much." She turned to the chauffeur. "Give the boy a schilling, Franz."

Anselm backed away, hands behind his back. "Not for just wishing you Merry Christmas, ma'am." He swallowed a lump in his throat. He wanted a schilling so much!

The children stopped again at a toyland window. A music box was tinkling faintly. In front of a miniature church, tiny toy children sang while bells chimed from the little belfry.

Suddenly Anselm's face flooded with light. "Come on, Lydia. I know now what we can give the Christ child."



Alex: "The day before Christmas our class went to the Old People's Home and sang Christmas songs."

Ted: "Did they like it?"

Alex: "They surely did. One lady told me I looked like her grandson. She seemed so happy, it made me feel good."

Why Aloysius Learned To Read

By Sydney K. Davis
Illustrated by Jerome Weisman

Aloysius was mad. He was so mad that he threw down the model airplane he was trying to make, and kicked it across the room. Then he threw himself, sobbing, on the floor and howled up the chimney. He howled so loud that the soot sprinkled down into the fire. Oh, how he howled!

The noise went up the chimney into the cold winter night. The noise wrapped around the whole countryside. It traveled through the cold, still night into Samuel Samuel's house.

Samuel was in bed with the covers pulled up to his whiskers and a hot water bottle at his feet, trying to keep warm. "My word," he said when he heard the howling.

The Widow Wanda was sitting by her fire when she heard the howling. "Oh, my goodness," she

thought. "Something horrible must be wrong with Aloysius. I'd better rush up there and see if I can help."

She bundled into her heaviest coat and wrapped her head with a shawl. Then she opened the door to her cozy little house and stepped outside. How cold it was! The stars seemed close and shiny as the Widow walked up the little dirt road.

She saw the light go on in Samuel's house as she passed, and she knew he had heard Aloysius howling, too. She waited for Samuel to catch up with her, and they went up the path to Aloysius' house together.

They knocked on the door. Aloysius didn't answer, so they pushed the door open and went inside. There lay Aloysius, kick-

ing and screaming, on the floor. There was tissue paper and airplane glue scattered all over the room. The airplane he was trying to build looked more like a bird cage than an airplane. He kicked it again and howled louder than ever.

The Widow went over to him and patted him on the head. Aloysius stopped screaming. He had not heard them come in. He was ashamed of himself.

"Whatever is the matter with you?" asked the Widow.

"It's the model airplane," sniffed Aloysius. "The pattern is all wrong. It's not like the picture on the box."

Samuel picked up the box and looked at it. "This doesn't look hard to make," he said.

"Well, it is," said Aloysius. "It's impossible to make. It's the fault of the store. They sold me one that's no good. If it was easy to make, I would have finished it in ten minutes. But I've been trying all afternoon to figure it out. I'm just gonna burn it up." He picked it up to throw into the fireplace.

"Wait a minute," said Samuel as he took the plane. "Where are your directions?"

"Under the chair," mumbled Aloysius.

Samuel picked up the paper and handed it to Aloysius. The Widow smiled as she tidied up the room. She knew Aloysius couldn't read. She knew that was why he couldn't build the model airplane. He couldn't read the directions.

"Now," said Samuel Samuel, who wanted to fix the plane for

Aloysius, "read me the first step."

Aloysius didn't want Samuel to know that he couldn't read, so he looked at the paper a long time, then he said, "The first step says to cut out the pieces and glue 'em together."

"Then what?" asked the Widow.

"Then FLY it!" shouted Aloysius.

The Widow and Samuel began to laugh. The more they laughed, the madder Aloysius got.

"Aloysius, you ought to be ashamed for not learning to read," said the Widow Wanda.

"I CAN read," yelled Aloysius.

"You can't read those directions," said Samuel.

"They didn't write the words I know," said Aloysius. "Anyway, reading's too hard," said the lazy old thing.

"The only reason it was hard for you," began Samuel as he was fixing the airplane, "is because when you went to school, you were busy thinking about something to eat while the teacher was talking."

"I was not," sputtered Aloysius. "I'm smart. I can do arithmetic."

"Ha," snickered Samuel. "I'll bet you don't even know the difference between addition and subtraction."

"I do, too," yelled Aloysius.



"Adding is up and subtracting is backwards. And I can even do gozinters."

"Gozinters?" asked the Widow. "What are they?"

"Ha," said Aloysius. "Gozinter is a very important science and I am the champion doer of gozinters from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I am surprised that you and Samuel don't know about them. Anybody knows that two gozinter four two times and three gozinter six two times and four gozinter twelve three times."

"Well, you might be famous for doing gozinters, but you can see for yourself how knowing how to read helped to build this airplane correctly," said Samuel as he gave

the nicely fixed airplane to Aloysius.

"And not only that," added the Widow, "knowing how to read will help you to learn how to do all kinds of things."

"Yes," said Samuel, "you could even read how to make a strawberry pie."

"Yummy," said Aloysius as he put the model airplane on the mantel. "I never thought of that. I know what I'll do, I'll just get a good night's sleep tonight, and I'll learn how to read the very first thing tomorrow morning."

At that remark, the Widow and Samuel went home, shaking their heads and laughing as they thought about Aloysius.

Matching Pictures

Look at the picture of Aloysius at the left. Find this picture at the right.

Do the same for the pictures of Samuel Samuel and the Widow Wanda.



Animals Have Pockets, Too

By K. L. Boynton

Formerly of the Staff
Chicago Natural History Museum

When it comes to carting things around, there's nothing like good old pockets. If they're extra big and stretchy, that's all the better. Some lucky animals have just that kind.

Lunch Bags

Lots of seed eaters have a tough time earning a living. They're generally little fellows, no good in the fighting department. Practically all their neighbors want to eat them.

They live mostly in underground burrows with plenty of exits in case they have unwelcome visitors. Now, anyone can see that it takes a lot of little seeds to make up a lunch. Also everybody knows that seeds are pretty scarce in winter. This means that these little fellows have to bustle around and bring home the groceries.

The silky pocket mouse is a pretty little thing that weighs about an ounce. He has a yellowish coat and big ears. His eyes are round and bright, and he's as gen-

tle as can be. His head is large for his size, and no wonder. In each cheek is a fine big pocket, right in the skin. These are good and stretchy. Mousey holds his nose down close to the food, and stuffs seeds into the pockets so fast that you can't see his little paws work. The pocket openings are small, and this keeps the seeds from falling out when he races for home.

This little fellow also likes berries and bits of vegetables. But he stores only seeds and grain in his underground home, for he knows the rest won't keep. He lives in dry sections and doesn't have to drink water. He can get all he needs from the food he eats. He has lots of relatives—larger silky pocket mice, and also spiny pocket mice. They are all face-stuffers.

There's a pocket rat, too. He's sometimes called a kangaroo rat, and is about a foot long. He's a kind of cousin of pocket mice. He has long hind legs and short front ones, and jumps like a kangaroo. His head is big for his size—and

that's where his lunch bags are located. He's a great hand to stuff these full of seeds to take back to his burrow.

He has an extra-long tail that helps in jumping. It has a tuft of hair at the end. Usually he gets around in a series of short leaps. But when he's in a hurry, he can cover six feet at a jump. He's fairly gentle except when soup's on. Then he uses his big hind feet to kick other rats who wish to join him at the table. I guess he thinks the best way to be sure there's enough food to go around is to have no guests.

Your little friend the chipmunk has pockets, too. These are inside his big cheeks, and they can stretch and stretch. He likes seeds and nuts, and pushes his face so full of them that he looks as though he has the mumps. He lives in a burrow in the ground like the rest of the seed fanciers. Sometimes when he gets home with his bag of groceries, his face is fatter than his doorway. Then he has to turn his

head sidewise to get in. He's very smart about packing his big grocery bags. If the nuts have sharp ends like hickory nuts, he bites these off first.

This hard-working little job believes in having several storehouses of food for the winter. Sometimes he digs a place in a hollow log for nut storage, and his idea of a good bank account is several quarts of nuts in one place.

Prize number in the face-freight business is the pelican. This bird is a wholesale fisherman. He and his squawking friends and relatives fish in droves. One kind fly low with their big beaks open, scoop into a school of fish, and flop back up into the air with a full cargo in the old chin bag. They fly off to shore to eat what they caught, or take it home.

A mama pelican carries fish to the youngsters this way. All she has to do is to open her big mouth for Junior to help himself. Sometimes Junior reaches so far that he almost falls in.

Nurseries

Some animals have pockets that they use first as incubators, then as nurseries for their children. A teaspoon would hold a whole batch of opossums when they're first born. That's because they come off the production line in such a short time that they're not a finished product at all. It takes only about eleven to thirteen days to make a batch of possums.

Even a mouselet takes twenty-one days, kittens sixty-two, and puppies about sixty-three. You can see that even thirteen days isn't enough to get very far.

Each newborn possum is only about a half inch long. These tiny bits of practically nothing come into the world with the "cellophane wrapping" still around their eyes

and ear stumps, and with just a pin-size opening for a mouth. But they can breathe fine, and have muscles and nerves ready for work. Using their little front legs in a kind of Australian crawl swimming motion, they work themselves up through their mother's coarse fur to the lovely warm cozy pocket tucked in the skin on her belly.

Mrs. Possum has room in the pocket for only thirteen places at the table so, while there may be more in the batch, only the first ones to the table can live. That's because, once a newborn possum finds a place, he doesn't let go for about fifty days. All that time, they eat and grow and grow, getting to look more like possums all the time—big ears, sharp toenails, moustaches—all no doubt considered beautiful in possum circles. Finally their beady little eyes open. Now that they're about two months old, the young possums leave the pocket for the first time to go riding on their mother's back, their tails curled around hers to hang on.

Baby kangaroos aren't done, either, when they arrive. In fact, they're only about an inch long. This is pretty small when you think that eventually they'll be about five feet tall. Lucky for them that their mothers have nice cozy pockets, too, for them to live in while they're growing into a reasonable size. Usually there is only one kangaroo baby at a time, although there may be two. When a kangaroo baby is big enough to leave the pouch, he may still jump back in, to ride in style with just his big face sticking out.

One nice thing about animals with built-in pocket nurseries is that they can take their whole families wherever they go. No baby-sitter problem here!



kangaroo



pelican



opossum



chipmunk



kangaroo rats



mouse

Mary McLeod Bethune

By Mabelle E. Martin



Mary McLeod Bethune was the fifteenth child of ex-slaves. Little did her parents dream that their pigtailed, cotton-picking daughter would become a very great woman. This is the story of how it happened.

Mary McLeod's mother and father, Patsy and Sam, were slaves on neighboring plantations near Maysville, South Carolina. When Sam asked his master Mr. McLeod if he could marry Patsy, the answer was, "If you earn the money to buy her. I can use another field hand." Sam was allowed to do odd jobs now and then for other people. But it was years before he could save enough money to pay for his wife, so his master could buy her from her owner Mr. Wilson.

Patsy and Sam had ten children by the time the War Between the States came to an end. During the war, they overheard rumors among

the white people that President Lincoln was going to free the slaves. Finally it came true. The war was over. The slaves were free.

Sam's first thought was to buy land, but there was a law against Negroes owning land. By the time the law had changed, Sam had his eye on five acres which belonged to Mr. Wilson. Patsy did the Wilson laundry for five years to pay for it. When Sam went to register the deed, the clerk said, "Just Sam won't do. You must have a last name." So Sam gave the name of Mr. McLeod, his former owner. He had always been known as "McLeod's Sam." He walked out of the courthouse with a deed to five acres of land and a last name for his family.

Soon they had a cabin built and the family moved in. The preacher brought them a Bible because they were the first of his church members to own their own home. They loved that Bible but not one of them could read a word of it.

Mary Jane, the fifteenth child, was born July 10, 1875. At the age of five she was working in the cotton field from sunup till dark. She was a good worker, but she never did like working in the cotton field.

After the evening chores were done came the best time of the day. Mary would nestle up to her grandmother Sophia in a broken-down

rocking chair, and beg for stories. Sophia had plenty to tell. She remembered things her mother had told, and she never tired of telling them. Sophia's mother had been a chief's daughter in Africa, and had been brought to America by slave traders. "Our ancestors were rulers in Africa," she had said. "They had herds of cattle and large pastures. My grandfather was chief. He was very rich."

Most slaves knew little about their ancestors in Africa, but Mary's grandmother never forgot the tales told to her. And she made Mary so proud to be a Negro that she was proud of it all her life.

Before the War Between the States, it was against the law to teach a slave to read and write. After the war, some schools were started, but none in Maysville because it was an out-of-the-way place. The Negroes there were one hundred per cent illiterate. Mary knew that white folks read, and used to pray that someday she, too, would learn. Finally, as if in answer to her prayers, a church school was opened in Maysville, and the teacher wanted Mary as a pupil. Mary's mother raised her hands toward heaven and said, "Thank you, Lord."

The school was a deserted cabin, not a very good place to go to school, but Mary thought it wonderful. She had to walk five miles each way, every day, and never missed a day. She wanted to learn. In a short time she could read and solve difficult arithmetic problems. In the evening she tried to teach the rest of the family what she had learned that day.

Before long Mary was ready for high school but there was none within a hundred miles. Besides, there was no money. So Mary went back to the cotton fields. Old Bush,

the mule, died and there was no money to buy another. Mary began to help pull the plow. She wondered if she would have to take Old Bush's place the rest of her life.

Then one day she saw her teacher coming down the cotton row, waving a paper. It was a letter from a Miss Crissman in Denver, Colorado. Miss Crissman wanted to use her small savings to help educate a Negro girl, and Mary had been chosen! For the next seven years Mary attended Scotia Seminary in Concord, North Carolina. Then Miss Crissman gave her another scholarship to attend the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago.

After that, Mary began her career as a teacher in church schools for Negroes. She soon realized that none of these schools were completely satisfactory. She wanted to organize a school where she could teach things that her people needed to know, to be better citizens. First, all children needed to read and write and do simple arithmetic. Then they needed skills so they could make a better living. They needed to learn cleanliness—to bathe, brush their teeth, and care for their health. They needed to learn how to cook and keep house. They needed to study his-

tory and languages, and to learn to appreciate music and art and something of the best literature of the world.

Mary had her heart set on founding such a school. She married Alburtus Bethune, a teacher, thinking he would help her. But he was not willing to endure hardships and sacrifices. So, with her baby boy, she hitchhiked to Daytona, Florida. On the edge of the town dump she found a deserted house. Here she would start her school. Someone gave her an old cook stove, and she baked sweet potato pies and sold them to earn money.

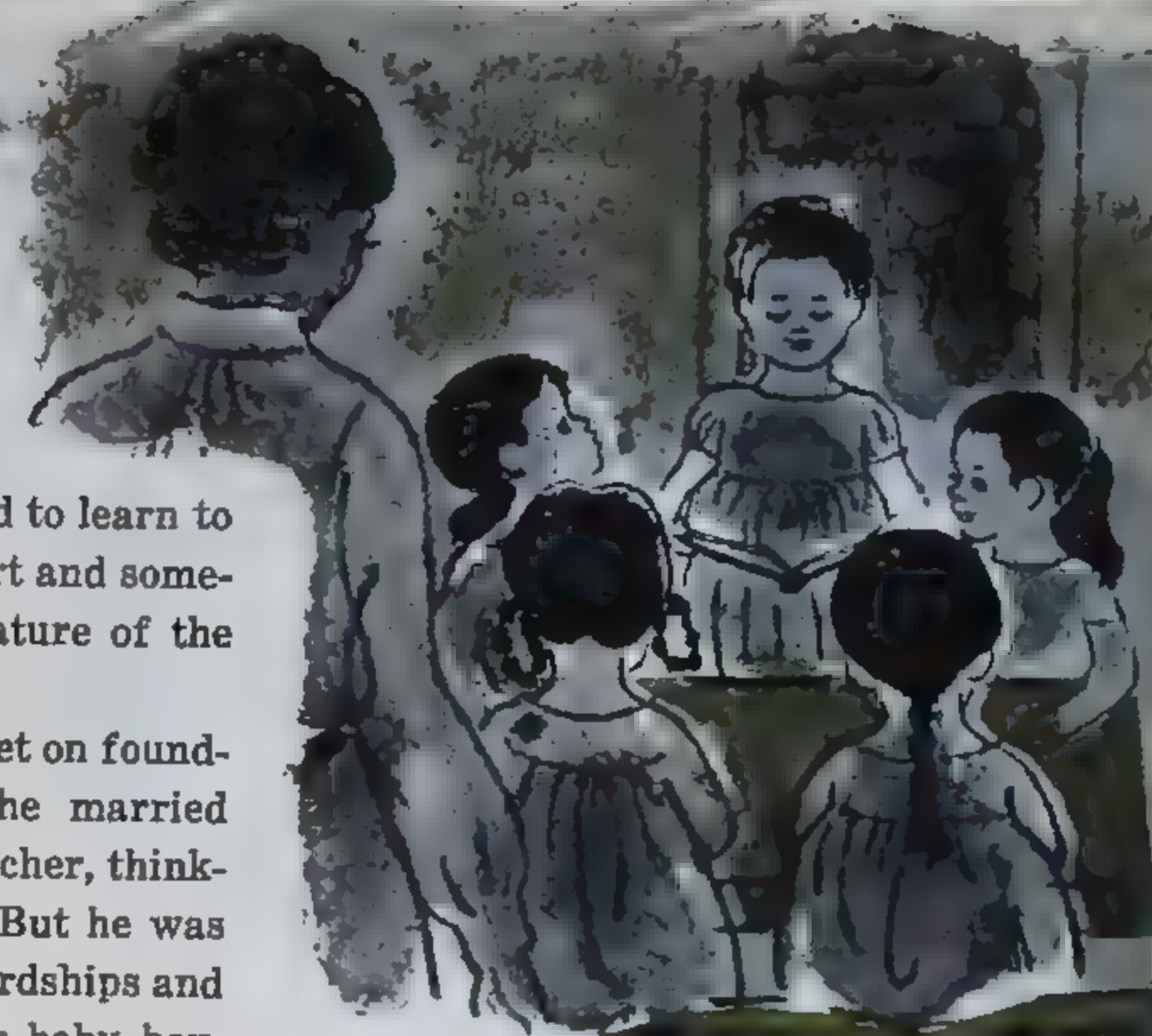
On October 3, 1904, the school opened with five little girls. Mary's desk was a broken-down crate. The girls sat on boxes at a table they had made from scrap lumber. When a bit later, she asked Mr. Gamble, a wealthy soap manufacturer, to help with money, he asked "Where is this school?" She answered, "It is in my mind." Mr. Gamble had faith in Mrs. Bethune, gave money, and persuaded other rich people to help.

By 1920, the school had become a college, and united with a boys' school to be known as the Bethune-Cookman College. Over the en-

trance door of the first building were the words "Enter To Learn." On the inside of the door were the words "Depart To Serve." The college has graduated thousands who have a zeal to serve.

During the depression before World War II, Mrs. Bethune was called to Washington to serve as Director of Negro Affairs of the National Youth Administration, helping Negro boys and girls get jobs and an education. She also helped select officer candidates for the Women's Army Corps. When the war was over, she could at last return to her little cottage on the campus she loved so much. She died there on July 10, 1955.

President Franklin Roosevelt once said to her, "You are one person I am glad to see. You never ask for anything for yourself, but always for others."



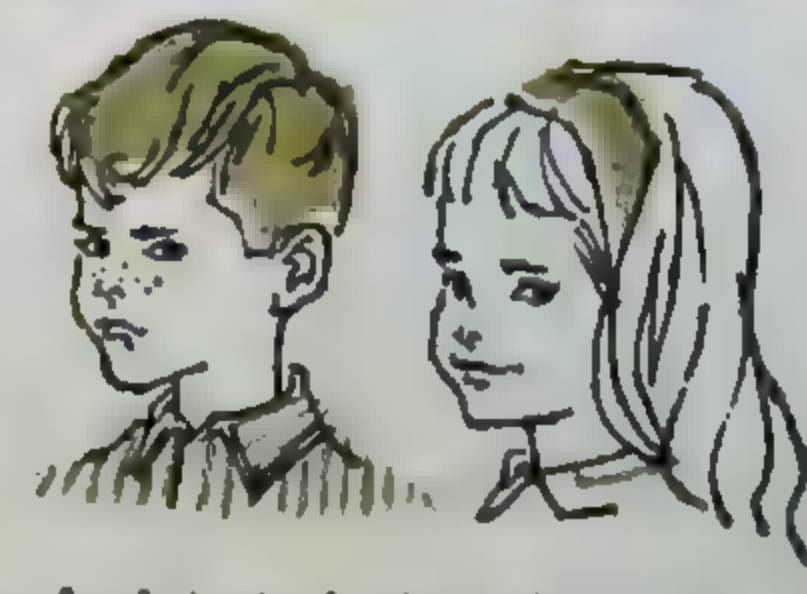
Health Quiz



Explain this statement: Good health helps us have good teeth, and good teeth help us have good health.

Why don't we pick up and eat foods we have dropped?

What are some ways your parents may know you are feeling very well and healthy?



Does food taste better when you feel cheerful or when you feel sad or angry?

For Wee Folks

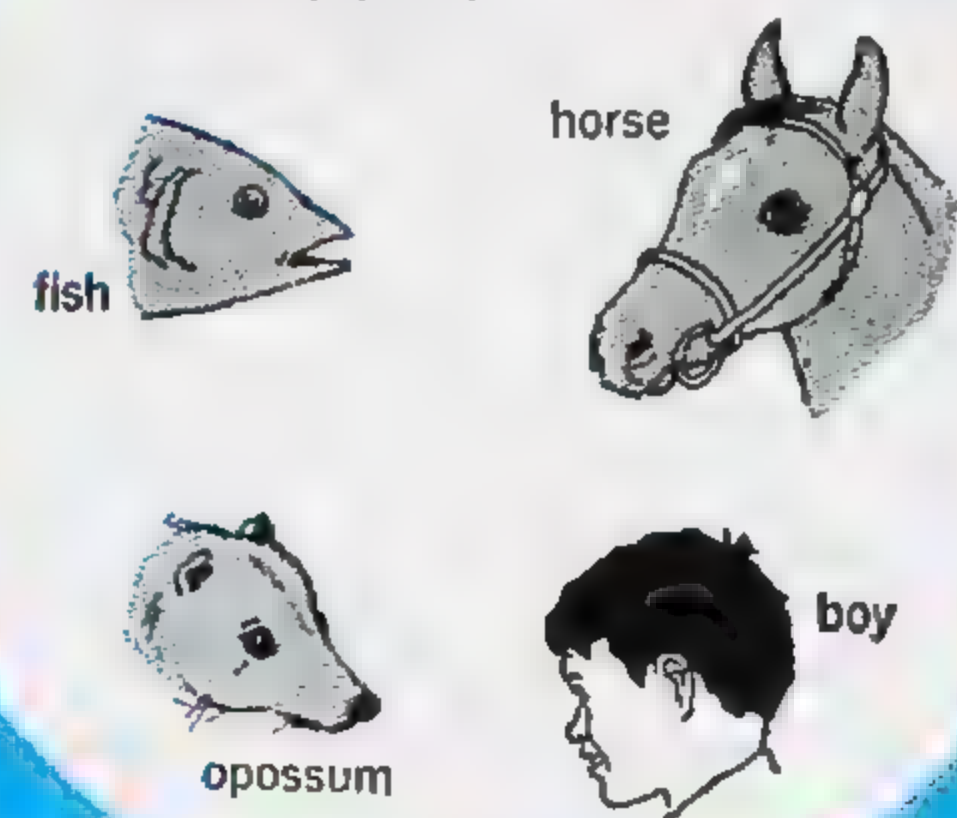
Which two are alike in each row?



Which would you like to be? Why?



Which creature's head is most nearly round like a ball?



Which grow shorter? Do they grow shorter from both ends? Does your hair grow longer or shorter?



A Present for the Cooky Woman

By Edith Vestal

"I'm so happy.
I'm so happy.
I want to run and jump."



No wonder Paul was so happy.
Tomorrow was Christmas.
Today there was beautiful new snow.
And almost best of all, Paul had
three fat cookies in his hand.

One cooky was for Ted.
One cooky was for Jim.
And the other fat cooky was for Paul.

"We have to thank the cooky woman," said Ted.

"We can't," said Paul.
"She's gone downtown."



"We'll give her a
present, then," said Jim.

"I haven't any money," said Paul.
"I haven't, either," said Ted.
"Then we'll make her a present.
Listen!" And Jim whispered some-
thing to them.

"Oh, we can do that," said Paul.
"I have a little one."

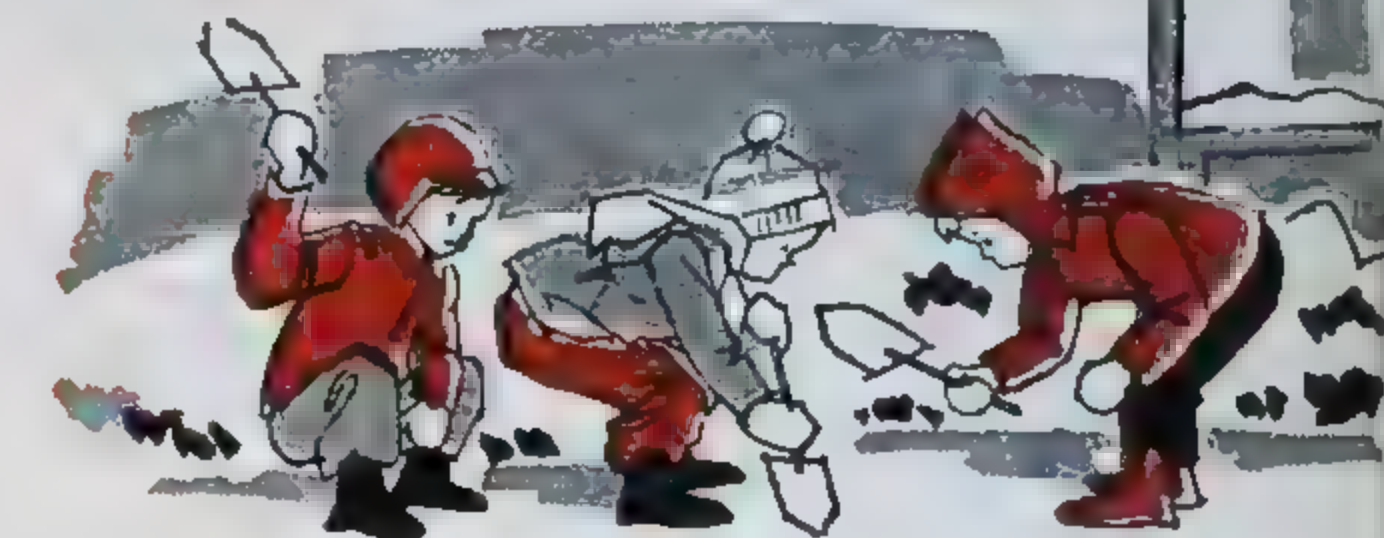
"I have a little one, too," said Ted.
"We'll go get them."

So away the boys went as fast as they
could through the deep snow.
In no time they were back.



They went to the cooky woman's
house. They worked hard.
They had to work hard.
They had to finish before the cooky
woman came home.

Just as they finished, the cooky
woman came around the corner.
"Let's hide. Let's hide," the boys
whispered.



The cooky woman reached her gate.
She stopped and stared.
She looked this way.
She looked that way.
She looked at her walk.
"Well, I never!" she said to herself.
"What became of the snow?"

Suddenly the three boys jumped out
from behind the bushes.
"Merry Christmas! Merry
Christmas!" they shouted.

The cooky woman looked at the boys.
She looked at the little shovels in
their hands.
She looked at her nice clean walk.

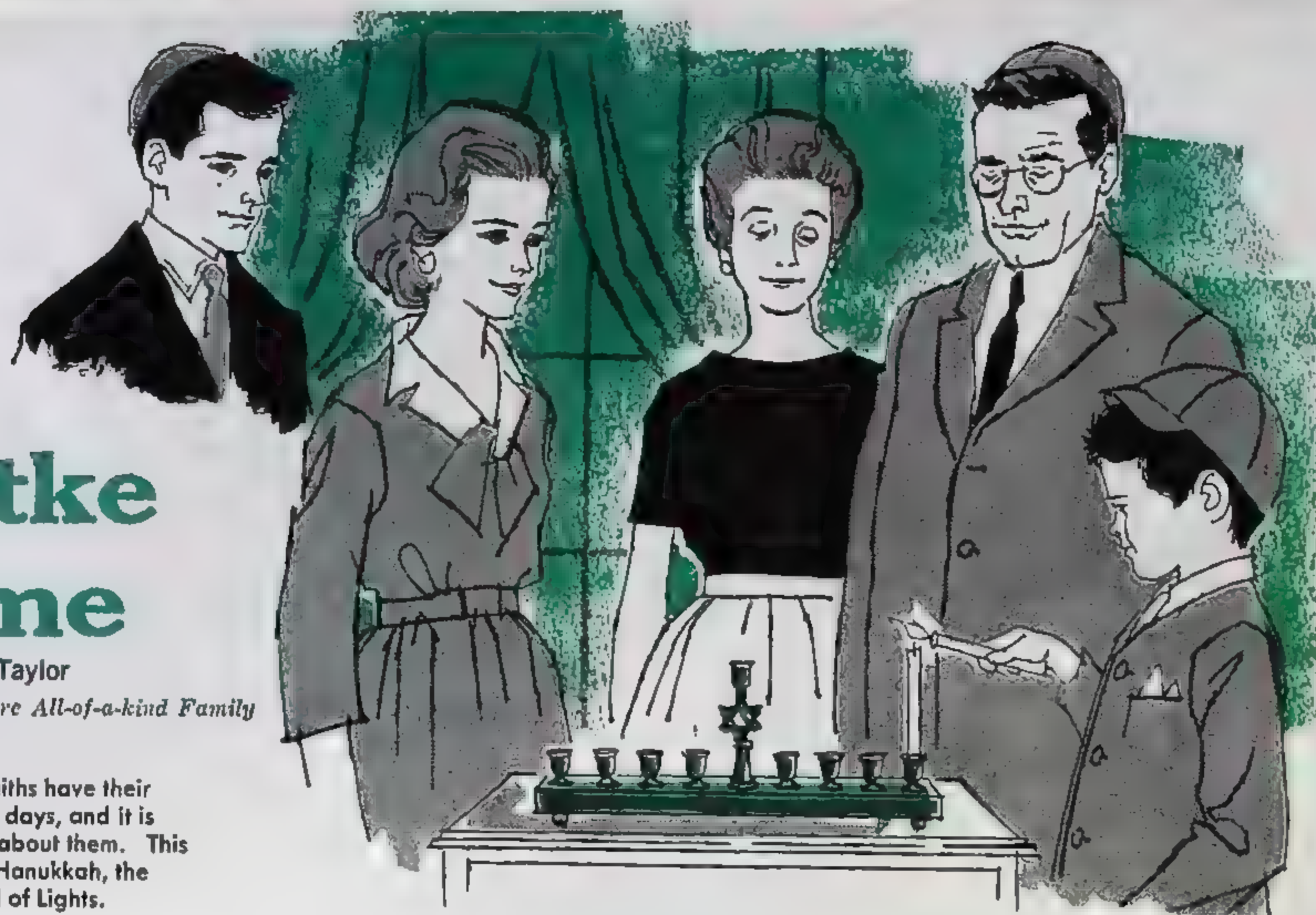
"Merry Christmas to you," she said.
"Merry Christmas to you.
It's the best, the very best
present anyone could give to me."



Lotke Time

By Sydney Taylor
Author of *More All-of-a-kind Family*

All religious faiths have their own important days, and it is good to learn about them. This story is about Hanukkah, the Jewish Festival of Lights.



28

Adam flung open the door. "It's me! And Mommy and Daddy, too! Happy Hanukkah!"

He raced toward Grandma and gave her a big hug. Then Grandpa grabbed him and swung him high up and down again. "Happy Hanukkah to you, Adam!" he said.

Adam was so excited, he skip-pety-hopped while Mother helped him off with his coat. "Did you light the Menorah yet, Grandpa?" he asked.

"Oh, no. We were waiting for you," Grandpa replied.

Grandma put the shiny silver Menorah on the table. It had eight little candle cups all in a row, and one more cup set higher up for the Shamas (sexton) candle. Grandpa lighted the Shamas candle and handed it to Adam. It being the first day of Hanukkah, the Festival of Lights, Adam carefully set the first candle alight with the flame of the Shamas.

All stood very quiet while Grandpa recited the prayer. Afterward they sang "Ma-oz Tzur" which means rock of ages.

"You know, Grandpa and Grandma," Daddy said when the song was finished, "Adam learned a new Hanukkah song in Sunday school."

"Want to hear it?" asked Adam.

"Certainly," Grandma replied.

O Hanukkah, O Hanukkah,
A festival of joy;
A holiday, a jolly day
For every girl and boy...

Adam sang merrily. Pretty soon everybody was clapping and singing along.

"It's got a dance to it, too," Adam said. "You make a big circle." In another minute Adam had the whole family skipping and laughing till they were out of breath.

"Oh my!" Grandpa said, sinking down in his big chair. "That was wonderful! But now, Adam, tell us why we're all so happy on Hanukkah."

Adam's eyes glowed. He loved to tell the Hanukkah story because it was such a good one. "Well," he began, "once upon a time, there was a wicked king named Antiochus, in Syria. He came with

a big, big army and took Jerusalem away from the Jews. He was awfully mean. He wouldn't let them pray to God. He wanted them to pray to idols. And he took away their Holy Temple and he made it unclean. And if Jews didn't want to do what he said, he killed them!

"The Jews were very sad. They didn't know what to do. But then a brave man Judas Maccabeus came. He said, 'Let's fight the tyrant!' He got a lot of men to join him. And they went and hid in the hills. Then at night when the Syrians were fast asleep, the Jewish soldiers sneaked down and attacked. And that's how they chased those Syrians out.

"The people were so happy. They rushed back to the Temple and cleaned it out. Then the priests wanted to light the Menorah (perpetual light). You have to have pure oil for that. But all they could find was one tiny jug. It was only enough for one day. But then a great miracle happened. That little bit of oil lasted for eight whole days! So then they had

enough time to make fresh oil. And that's why we light candles for eight days every Hanukkah."

Mother and Daddy beamed proudly. "Grandpa," Grandma exclaimed, "don't you think a boy who knows so much about Hanukkah ought to get his Hanukkah present right now?"

"More presents!" Adam squealed, hopping up and down. "Mommy gave me a cowboy jacket. And I got a two-wheeler from Daddy. Boy, is it keen!"

The next minute he was tearing off the wrappings of two packages. In the first was a shirt and tie, just like Daddy's only smaller. In the second, a book, and inside was a whole dollar. "Wow! Hanukkah money!" Adam yelled.

"Hanukkah is lotke (potato pancake) time," Grandma said. "So who would like some lotkes?"

"Oh boy! Lotkes!" Adam caught hold of Mother and Daddy and pulled them toward the dining room. There in the center of the table was a great big platter heaped high with golden-brown



Illustrated by Jerome Welsman

yummy-looking potato pancakes just begging to be eaten. Everyone sat down and ate and ate, joking and laughing all the while.

"Um! Are these tasty!" Grandpa said. "Believe me, it's not always you get lotkes like these. As a matter of fact," he said as he bent toward Adam, his eyes twinkling, "I think I know how Judas Maccabeus won the war against the Syrians. When he and his men were up in the hills, they got awfully hungry. So naturally he sent out a call for lotkes.

"So the women set to work. They made lots and lots of lotkes—barrels full! But very few had a recipe like Grandma's, so they came out hard as rocks. Then this clever leader got his men and they crept down from the hills, and they threw those terrible lotkes at the Syrian soldiers. Slam! Bang! Wham! The Syrians ran for their lives!"

Adam's eyes opened wide. "Is that really true, Grandpa?" he asked.

Grandpa tousled Adam's hair. "Ha, ha!" he laughed. "I was just making a joke."

Adam looked thoughtful. Then he smiled a great, big smile and his black eyes danced. "Grandpa," he said, "I can make a joke, too. You want to hear it?"

"Oh, yes, Adam."

"I don't like a little. I like a lot-ke!" Adam's head went 'way back, and he laughed and laughed.

Grandpa looked around at everyone admiringly. "See how smart my grandson is? That's because he takes after me!"

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Mixed-up Story

Which happened first? Next? Next? Last?



Goofus and Gallant

By Garry Cleveland Myers
Pictures by Marion Hull Hammel



"Mother'll clean it up. Let's go out and play," says Goofus.

"It doesn't take long to get rid of the mess," says Gallant.

30



"Why should I thank him? I sent him a better gift."



"It's better to get thank-you notes written early."



"I got nicer toys than Jim. His are homemade things."

"Your father must have had a lot of fun making those toys."

★ For thinking, acting, and acting unselfishly.



By Lou and Campbell Grant

Once there was a girl and a boy who wanted to find a buried treasure . They took a pick and a shovel and some lunch , and started up into the hills . On the way, the girl said to the boy , "What shall we do with the treasure when we find it?" The boy said, "Let's buy a dog of our very own." When they reached the hills , the girl dug with the shovel and the boy worked with the pick , but all morning long they didn't find any buried treasure . "I wish we could find a treasure and buy a dog ," said the girl . So after lunch they started to work again with the pick and the shovel , but still they didn't find any treasure . Suddenly they heard a funny noise. The girl said, "What is that?" The boy said, "It's over where we ate lunch ." They ran over to where they had eaten lunch and what do you think it was? It was a little lost hungry dog who was looking for some crumbs in the lunch bag. So the girl and the boy gathered up the little lost dog and took him home. And they didn't even care that they hadn't found the buried treasure .

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★ For learning to read, the picture and the name together are more effective than the picture alone.

Our Own Pages

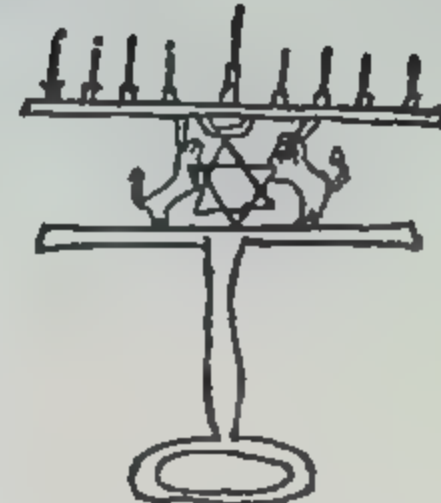


Christmas Eve

Jenny Wegener, Age 12
Box 225, Route 2
Washon, Wash.



Janet Sikorski, Age 4
11226 Kenmoor
Detroit, Mich.



A Menorah

Janis Hesslein, Age 10
1549 S. Curson
Los Angeles, Calif.



A Policeman's Home

Dale Jensen, Age 5
2013 Garcia St., N.E.
Albuquerque, N. M.



Roxanne Glazer, Age 9
358 N. Twintree Ave.
Azusa, Calif.



General Custer

Wayne Stuart, Age 11
R. 6, Box 233
San Antonio, Texas



Bruce Roob, Age 10
Stansbury Mill Rd.
Monkton, Md.



King of the Castle

Brian Robbins, Age 3
76 Old Country Way
Weymouth, Mass.



Goat

Susan Blaisdell, Age 9
9110 Jackson Park Blvd.
Wauwatosa, Wis.



Santa Claus

Cindy Bardoll, Age 8
1744 S. Conwell
Casper, Wyo.



Lucy J. Reydel, Age 7
1587 Hudson Rd.
St. Paul, Minn.



John Pingry, Age 4
1509 W. Church
Champaign, Ill.

Skiing

Gliding over the surface so free,
Coming down so fast;
Circling around the trees
Through the woods so vast;
Up the tow so slow,
Down the hill so fast;
Over the powdery snow,
Swishing to a stop at last.

David Hopkins, Age 9
Westgate Elementary School
Kenosha, Wis.

The Train

Clickety, clickety!
Clack, clack, clack!
There goes the train
Down the track.
It stops at a city,
It stops at a town,
Picks up the people,
And carries them around.

Leslie Smith, Age 10
Gaston School
Joinerville, Texas

Winter

In wintertime the leaves are dead,
No flower shows its little head,
No barefoot child till weather's mild,
No sign of spring when birds will sing.
But winter is some fun, you know,
When we all play out in the snow.

Deborah Christophel, Age 10
Mounted Rt. 2
Lansdale, Pa.



Andrea F. Hess, Age 8
Parker Dr.
Landisville, Pa.



Manger Scene

Nancy Ottman, Age 6
3124 Calle Madera
Santa Barbara, Calif.



William Rich, Age 7
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel School
115 N. 23rd Ave.
Melrose Park, Ill.



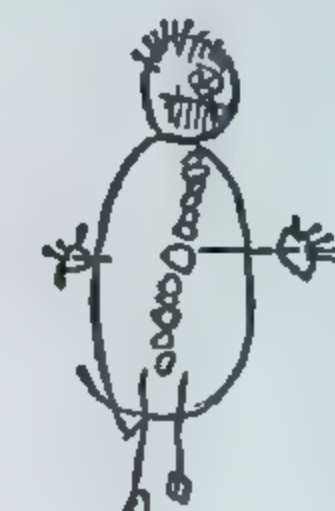
A Father Deer

Ricky Berlin, Age 7
747 Wilkinson
Shreveport, La.



The Cat Chasing the Mouse

Sharon Lynn Hamlett, Age 6
2915 San Diego, S.E.
Albuquerque, N. M.



A Man

Freddy Pool, Age 9
6431 Bonner Dr.
Vancouver, Wash.



Karen Peacock, Age 9
R. 1, Box 161
Escanaba, Mich.

Flight into Egypt

James Shumate, Age 8
105 Prosperity St.
Louisville, Ky.



My Snow Man

I have a little snow man,
His name is Snowy-white.
He lives in the snow,
And he's white, white, white.

Liz Costan, Age 5
516-C San Pablo S.E.
Albuquerque, N. M.

The Little Bird

I saw a little blue jay fly to a
tree. And there he sang a lovely
song to me. He had a pointed hat
on, and a bright-blue vest. The
prettiest to see.

Margo Collins, Age 8
Grawford School
Aurora, Colo.

Christmas

Candles in the windows
Light the quiet snow.
And inside the houses
Everything's aglow.
All the trees are lighted,
In the quiet snow.
Till you are awakened
By the morning's glow.

Jean Matthees, Age 7
1049 Orchard Rd.
Mankato, Minn.

The Country Road

Along the road some pine trees
grow
Thick and tall in a long green
row,
With the tallest tips all lifted
high
Like big green fingers reaching
for the sky.
And the little red house at the
foot of the hill
Stands alone, real quiet, now all
is still.

Linda Spicer, Age 12
Broad Street School
Endicott, N. Y.

Which State Is Most Beautiful?

Which state is most beautiful in
the spring?
Which state is most beautiful in
the fall?
Which state is most beautiful in
summer and winter?
Oregon is most beautiful of all.

Roger Ziegler, Age 10
950 Front St.
Klamath Falls, Ore.

The Bells

I like all kinds of bells—
Cowbells, doorbells, school bells,
and sleigh bells.
But most of all I like Christmas
bells.
I like to hear the sound of the
bells.
They go dingdong, dingdong.

Gene Smith, Age 10
Java Village, N. Y.

When Christ Was Born

When Christ was born on
Christmas night,
The stars from Heaven were
shining bright
To show the wise men where he lay,
So they could come to him and
pray.

Linda McDonald, Age 9
1031 N. Irvington
Tulsa, Okla.

Patterns

The spider spun his web
To the design he knew.
The bee constructed hives
From knowledge old yet new.
The robin wove her nest
As though she had been taught.
Young beavers built their dams
As though they long had wrought.
There is a pattern drawn
For every creature living,
And man can follow his
By loving and by giving.

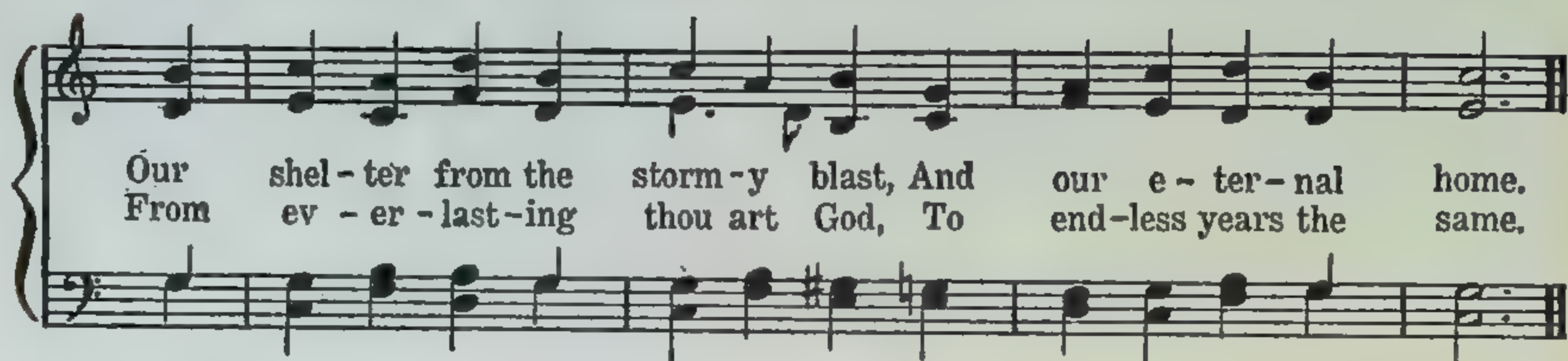
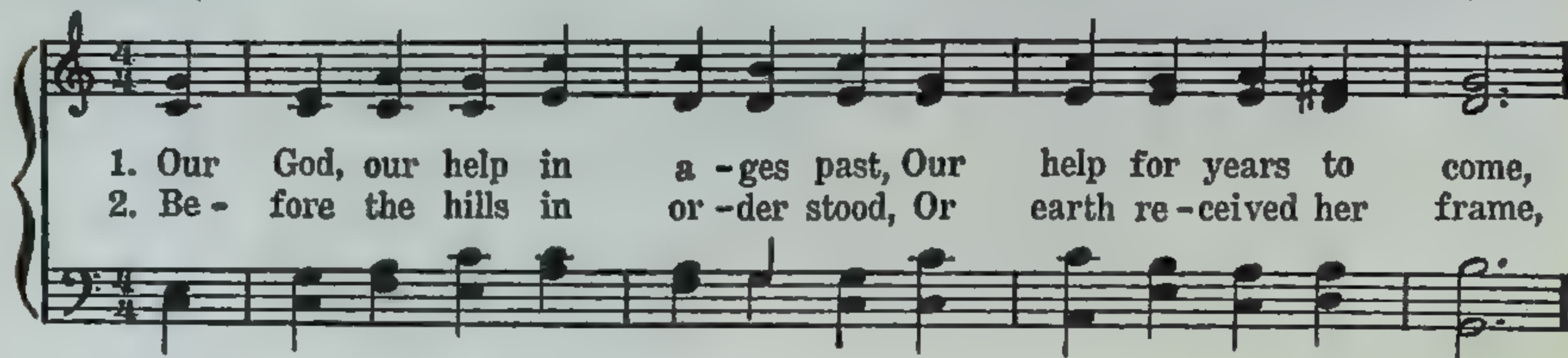
Jamie Kay Goodness, Age 11
5820 E. Skinner
Wichita, Kan.

Please send your drawings in black on white paper about eight by eleven inches, with your name, address, and age on the back. Also enclose a note from your parent or teacher stating that your drawings, stories, or verses are your very own. Mail to Highlights for Children, Honesdale, Pennsylvania. No contributions will be returned.

Our God, Our Help in Ages Past

Isaac Watts, 1719

William Croft, 1708



34

3. A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

4. Our God, our help in ages past,
Our help for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

Bedtime Prayer

By Rabbi Samuel M. Silver

As I go to sleep tonight,
I pray to You with all my might,
Always keep me gay and bright,
Let me be my parents' delight,
And teach me to enjoy what's right.

If your religion were different
from your playmate's religion?

If all the other kids called you a
crybaby?

If you made a younger child cry by
teasing him?

Answer, Crossword Puzzle,
Page 16 Hidden gift: Sweater.

L					F	U	N
A	P	E			O	R	U
T	O	Y			W	E	T
E	D	E	N		E	E	L
B	E	T	H		S	T	A
A	R	E	A		T	O	T
W	A	N	T		O		N
L			S		P	A	R

Should You Feel Ashamed

If your pet almost died because
you didn't give it food and water?

If your clothes and home were not
as fine as your playmate's?

If your brother got punished for
something you did wrong?

If your baby sister said she loved
you?

A Christmas Prayer

By Grace R. Ballard

Lord, give to those less fortunate
A home as good as mine,
With a mom and dad whose kindli-
ness
And love in their eyes shine.
Hear me as I make this prayer,
Remembering 'in Thy name' to
share,
That children, whether near or far,
May feel the glow of the Christ-
mas star.

Let no pleasure tempt thee, no
profit allure thee, no ambition
corrupt thee, to do anything which
thou knowest to be evil; so shalt
thou always live jollily; for a
good conscience is a continual
Christmas.

—Benjamin Franklin

Christmas Cards

By Barbara Baker

Make white folders. Decorate
them with tiny pieces of colored
crepe, metallic, or colored paper,
sequins, and lines of ink.

The wise men, shepherds, Mary
and Joseph, are long triangles.
Their heads are tiny circles made
with a hole puncher. The babe is
a tiny triangle with little gold
halo. A long triangular piece of
crepe paper, shaped as shown,
makes the roof of the stable, with a
short piece on each side. Put a
couple of shiny stars in the sky.

Cut out a city and fly a Santa
and reindeer over it. Draw the
reindeer as simply as possible.
Draw Santa in a sleigh. Put cotton
over the sleigh so only Santa's nose
and cap are showing.

For Rudolph, cut seven small
strips of brown crepe paper. Glue
them to the card. He's fun and easy
to make. Tiny pieces make little
horns like the branches of a tree.
Don't forget his red nose of bright-
red paper, and have one eye peer
out at you.

From brown crepe paper cut a
triangle for the roof of the creche.
Shape as shown. Cut straight
pieces for the sides. Make the man-
ger of dark paper, the straw of
yellow. Cut the animals, some ly-
ing down and some standing up.
Put a moon and a large star in the
sky. Paste them in position.





God's Secret

By Dora P. Chaplin
Illustrated by Jerome Weisman

36

Long, long ago in a little town called Bethlehem, in the land of Judea, two boys were walking home from their synagogue school. They pulled their woolen cloaks about them, for a snowstorm had begun. David, the older boy, hoped to be a rabbi someday. He liked to teach his friend Jacob. Right now they were discussing something in excited voices.

The boys looked about at the strangely crowded streets. Travelers were arriving in the town. They looked cold and tired. Even the donkeys on which many of them rode shivered as they lowered their heads to meet the icy December winds.

"Who are all these people?" asked Jacob.

"This is censustime," said David. "They have come here to register their names. They will have to pay their taxes to the Romans who rule over us. But let's go on with our talking. I've been thinking. Why doesn't the Lord God show us what he is like?"

"But he does. You know he does," Jacob answered. "Moses and Isaiah and Jeremiah and Amos — and all the other prophets and leaders — have told us. The Lord is strong, and powerful in battle, and de-

feats his enemies. But he judges us when we do wrong."

"He is more than that," said David. "He is merciful, and full of loving-kindness. And he will reign over his people."

"To reign means to be a king," said Jacob. "When he comes he will have thousands of soldiers and fight our battles. He will live in a great palace, I am sure."

"But listen, listen to what I learned in school today!" said David. "I'll say it for you. This is what our prophet said: 'And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.'"

"He will come here, to Bethlehem," Jacob shouted. "Now I know why you are so pleased with your lessons today. But we have no palace for a king and governor."

"I told you we do not know all," said David. "God has often had surprises for his people. This is his great secret."

Just then some shepherds in their worn gray cloaks hurried past, trying to move quickly through the throngs of people, but saying nothing to anyone. David remarked that he expected they were going to the inn. Someone had probably found a lost lamb and was holding it there.

"I think it's more than that. Let's go and see," Jacob begged. All boys like adventure, and he had a feeling that there was one in the air.

The inn was near the edge of the town, but the boys did not care. They had forgotten the weather by this time. There was a secret to be learned, and who could say this was not the time for finding the answer? Why did those shepherds look as though they had just heard

some wonderful news?

By now the world was dark, and the stars—especially one big star—shone over everything. When they reached the inn a strange light seemed to come from inside the stable. Inside, the shepherds stood as though they were worshipping God and reverencing a king at the same time.

In the manger lay a tiny baby. His parents were near him, thankful and happy. The mother's face and the baby's face seemed alight with peace and joy.

The boys stood quietly with all the others. But when at last they were all outside again, the shepherds were silent no longer. They told the wonderful tale of how, as they watched their sheep, they heard heavenly music and saw a great light, and how frightened they were. They said that a voice told them not to fear, for, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

"Now we know," said David. "When I looked at the baby, I knew that God is love, and that he comes with peace and joy. He comes quietly. That is his secret."

"And what was the song the shepherds heard?" asked Jacob.

David answered, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

A Prayer

Dear Father, hear and bless
Thy beasts and singing birds:
And guard with tenderness
Small things that have no words.

★ Dr. Chaplin makes the beginning of Christmas meaningful to most of us.



Things You've Wondered About

By Jack Myers Professor of Physics
University of Texas

There are many things to wonder about in the world around us. Many of them are simple things in the pattern of nature which most of us do not even notice. Today I want to tell you about a man who watched a swaying lamp, and wondered, and discovered the idea of the pendulum.

We have talked before about the scientist Galileo (gal-i-LEE-oh) who lived in Italy almost 400 years ago. When he was nineteen years old, Galileo was praying one day in a cathedral. As he finished his prayer and turned to leave, he noticed a lamp suspended by a long cord. The lamp had been lighted and left swinging to and fro. He noticed that the time of each swing seemed to be the same. He knew that his heartbeat was very regular, so he timed the swings of the lamp by counting his pulse.

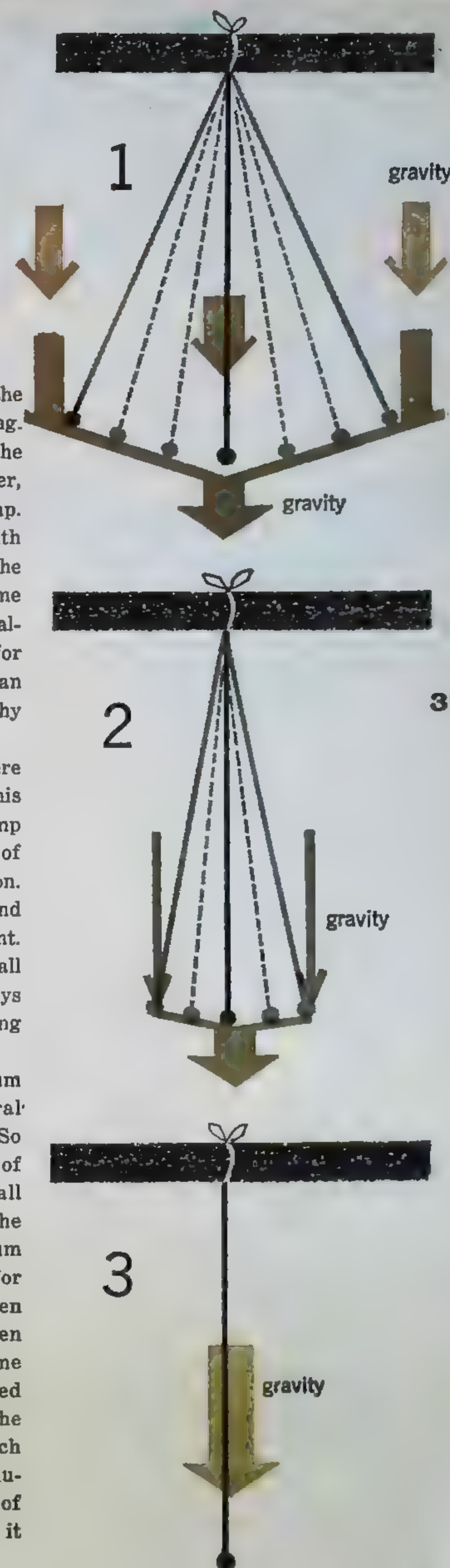
It was a moment of discovery. Many people must have looked at swinging objects, but Galileo noticed something which no one before had realized. As long as the lamp remained swinging, even a little, the time for each swing remained the same.

Galileo hurried from the cathedral to borrow some string and a weight. He made what we today would call a pendulum. He tied one end of the string to a high place, maybe the limb of a tree, and tied the weight at the lower end of

the string. When he pushed the weight, it would start swinging. As it gradually died down, the swings got smaller and smaller, just like the swings of the lamp. And just as he had noticed with the lamp, each big swing at the beginning took just the same time as a small swing when it had almost died down. But the time for each swing was much shorter than he observed for the lamp. Why should it be so?

Galileo considered that there was a big difference between his pendulum and the lamp. The lamp was made of bronze. The weight of his pendulum was made of iron. So he tried a piece of bronze and then a piece of wood for his weight. He tied big weights and small weights onto his string. Always the time of the pendulum swing was just about the same.

What else about his pendulum was different from the cathedral lamp? Well, it was shorter. So Galileo lengthened the string of his pendulum. And then it all became clear. As he made the string longer, the pendulum swung slower and the time for each swing became longer. When he made the string shorter, then the time for each swing became shorter. Galileo had established the simple characteristics of the pendulum. The time for each swing, the **period** of the pendulum, depends on the length of the string or rope or whatever it



★ Could there be scientific discoveries without persons with curiosity and a zeal to find the answer to what they had wondered about?

is that holds the weight.

Maybe you can see why a pendulum works. A weight on a string wants to hang straight down. Why? Because of the force of gravity. When it is pushed off to one side, the force of gravity is still pulling straight down. But the string won't let go, so the weight has to coast down at an angle toward its bottom position. And when it gets to the bottom, its momentum carries

it up the other side. It is really very much like coasting downhill on a bicycle and getting enough speed to climb part way up a hill on the other side.

Once you start thinking about pendulums, you can see them in many places. You may see a swinging lamp as Galileo did. You can find them in some clocks. (Why do you suppose they are sometimes used in clocks?) You can see them

in playground swings. You can even see pendulums in the dangling kind of earrings ladies sometimes wear. Any swinging object is a pendulum. And always the period of a pendulum depends upon its length.

Just think a little about how Galileo came to discover the idea of the pendulum. He watched a swinging lamp, he watched it carefully — and wondered.

Let's build a pendulum. You can make one as Galileo did, and see how it works. You need a long piece of string or, even better, some strong thread. And you need a weight like a large iron nut or a small bolt. Almost any object will do for a weight except that it ought to be small and heavy. (The very best weight I have been able to find is a lead sinker out of my fishing-tackle box.) Tie your weight to one end of the string.

You can hold the string and let the weight dangle. If you push the weight to one side it will swing to and fro, just like a playground swing. Let's call each swing from one side to the other a **beat** of the pendulum. How fast it beats depends on the length of the string. Does it beat faster with a longer string or a shorter string?

Let's do a careful experiment to find out just how the length of the string affects the beat of the pendulum. You need someone to help you. Maybe you can get your father out of his easy chair to help. And you need a yardstick or a tape measure, and a watch with a second hand.

Tie the upper end of the string

to something rigid and fairly high up, such as a doorframe. Outdoors, maybe you could use a low tree. First tie the upper end of the string so that the center of the weight is just 20 inches below. Start your pendulum going with a push. While your father looks at his watch, count how many beats the pendulum makes in a minute. It will make about 84 beats in a minute. And notice that it makes just about the same number of beats per minute when you start it as when it has almost died down.

Try different lengths of string, always measuring carefully from the upper fixed point to the center of your weight. Try 10 inches and 30 inches. Try other lengths. Try doubling the weight on the pendulum without changing the length. Does this have any effect on the beat?

Now you are on your own and I won't tell you how the experiment comes out. It will be more fun to find out, yourself, and even more fun to go on and invent different kinds of experiments.

And now here's a question you can answer from your experiments: How long should a pendulum be in order to beat 60 times a minute or once each second?

★ A thrilling experiment almost any school-age child can perform.

Paper Santas for Christmas Trim

By Barbara Baker

A Santa from paper stapled together in a tube. Arms, a hollow square of paper fastened to back. Cone hat, white trim. Add eyes, eyebrows, beard, belt, and boots.

Triangles make this Santa, two red, and one white slashed around edges. Cutout features. Eyebrows slashed to stick up. Add boots, belt, and pompon.



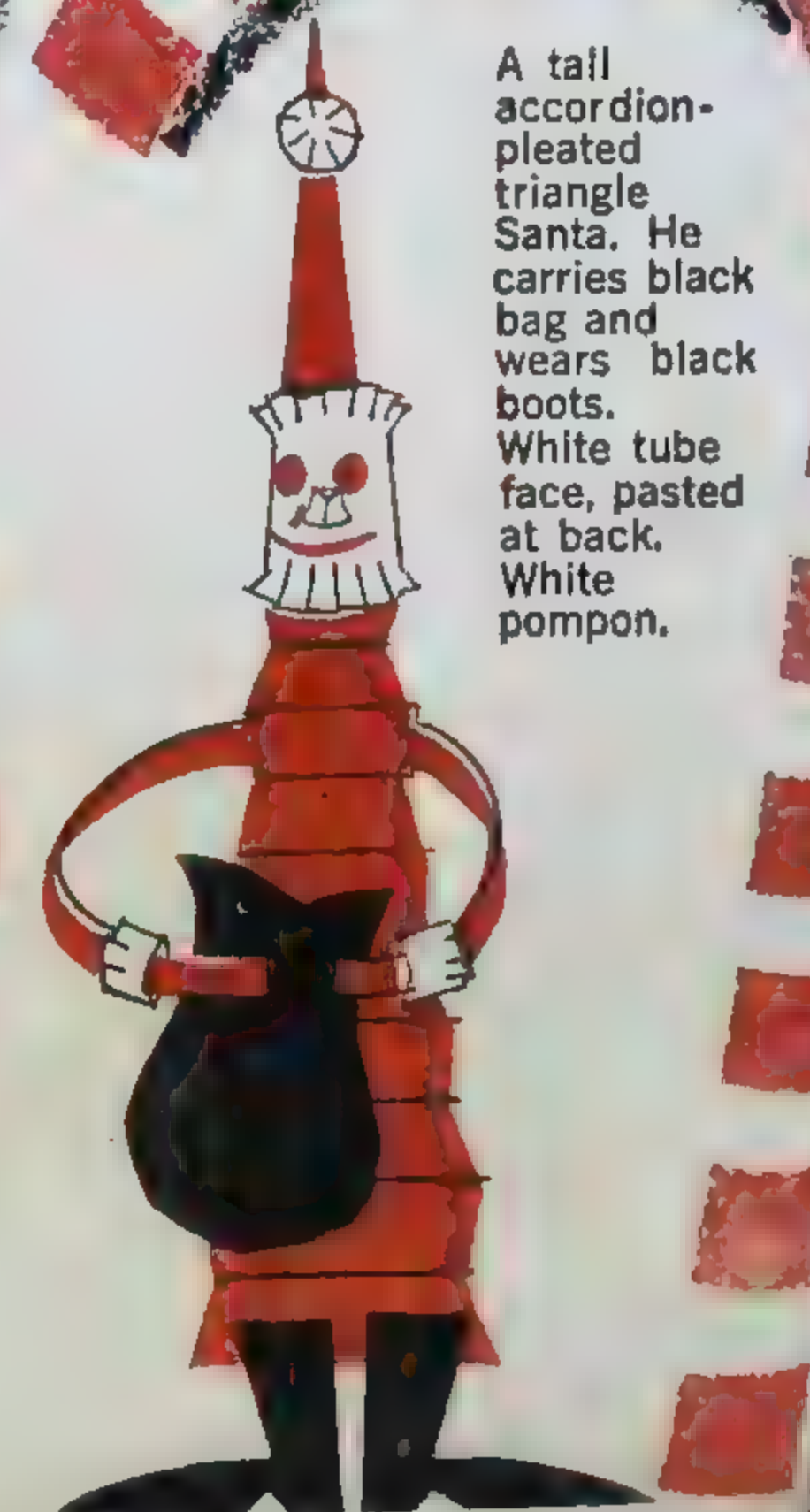
Red Santa face, cotton-trimmed. Cutout nose folded to stand out. Fasten at top to white background which carries Christmas message.



A fat Santa. Round white face with slashed edge. Eyebrows cut around edge to stick up. Any expression desired. Round body with black boots and belt. Add buckle and pompon.



A tall accordion-pleated triangle Santa. He carries black bag and wears black boots. White tube face, pasted at back. White pompon.



Holiday Things To Make



Christmas Bells

By Ella L. Langenberg

Select a bell-shaped form such as a small glass, plastic dish, or flowerpot. Be sure the sides slope gently from top to bottom. Turn it upside down like a bell. Rub vaseline generously over the entire outside of the object.

Tear newspaper into small pieces. They need not have a definite form. Put the paper in two piles, one of black-and-white pieces, the other colored.

Use wallpaper paste, or make a thin solution of flour-and-water mixture.

Spread a layer of paper napkin over the vaseline. Be sure there are no wrinkles in this layer.

Now paste the newspaper on, first a layer of black-and-white, then a layer of color. Do not paste any paper over the edge. Three or four layers will make a thin bell, six or seven will make a heavier bell.

Set the bell aside to dry. It may take more than a day. Drying may be hastened by placing the object near heat.

Loosen the bottom edge of the paper with a knife point. The paper shell should slip off easily. Sandpaper any rough places. Paint with tempera or gold. Use plain, or trim with stars, sequins, or glitter. Make a loop with wire, a hairpin, or thread.

Clip-ons

By Barbara Baker

These party and tray favors are made over clip-on clothespins and can be worn later. Since half the fun is in the making, why not assemble the material and let the guests make their own clip-ons as one of the party games?

Cut Santas, angels, wreaths, stockings, or trees from colored felt or metallic paper. Use cotton or yarn for whiskers and hair; sequins or stars for eyes and mouths; pipe cleaners for arms; tinsel, shiny paper, bits of lace-paper doily, and glitter, for trim. Use rubber cement to paste the parts in place. Stick each favor into a small hunk of clay and set it on a paper doily or small dish.



Reindeer Cutouts

By Agnes Choate Wonson

Cut a strip of heavy wrapping paper 16 inches long, 3½ inches wide. Fold it in half three times. With the folds at the sides, draw a reindeer's head. Bring the tip of the nose and two antlers to the edge of the right side, and two antlers to the edge of the left side, as shown by the dotted lines.

Cut out along the solid lines only. The dotted lines form the hinges that hold the chain together.

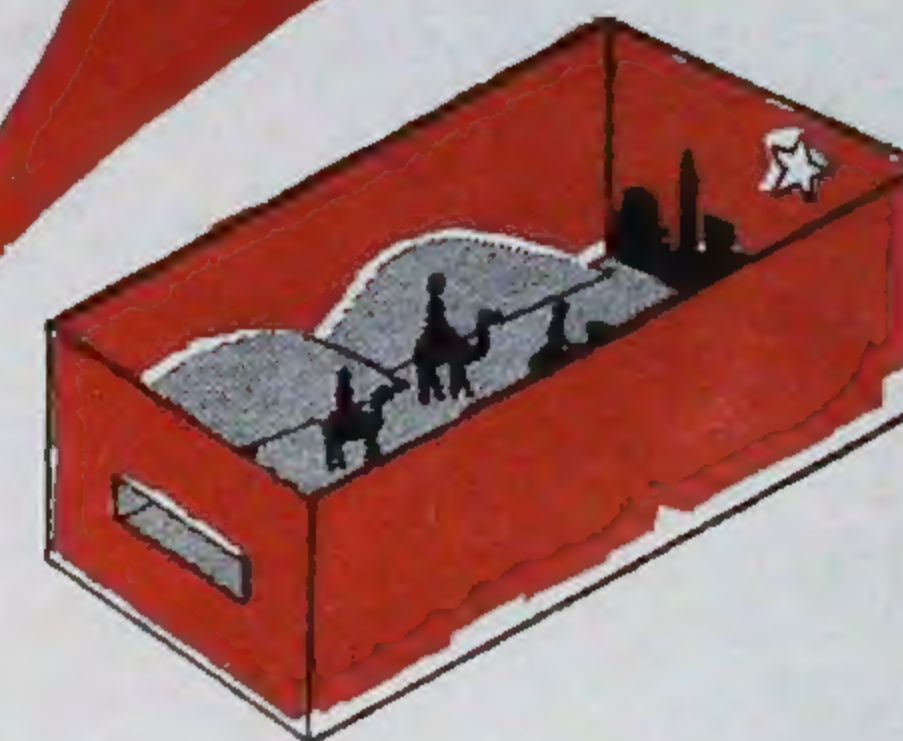
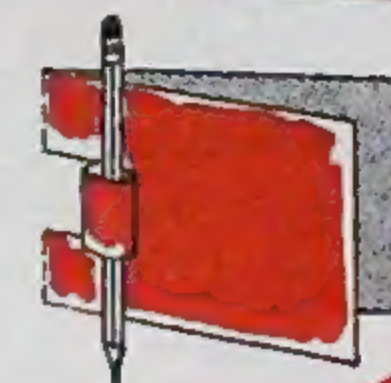
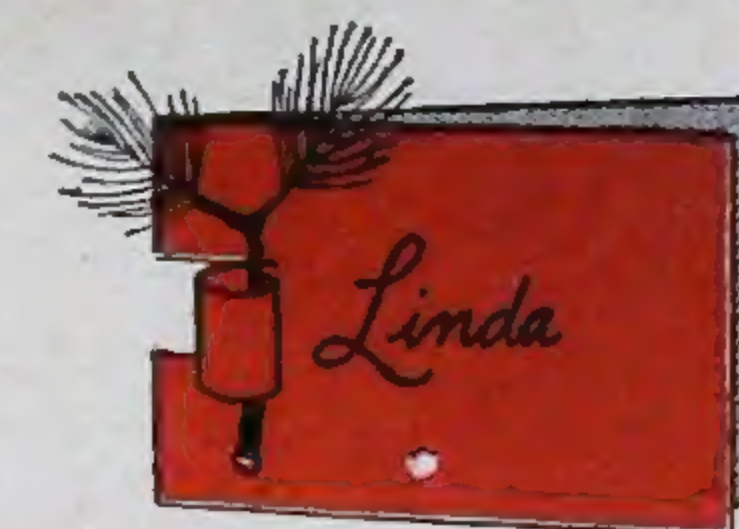
Open the chain. Paint the antlers, nostrils, and eyes. Put white paint in the eye centers.

Gift Tags or Place Cards

By Ella L. Langenberg

These cards are made from red, green, or white construction paper, 2½ by 7 inches, folded with the short edges together. Cut two slits on the folded edge as shown. Roll the middle section forward with a pencil to form a loop.

Write the name neatly on the card, using ink or tempera paint of contrasting color. Put a twig of evergreen or other trim through the loop.



Christmas Peep Show

By Sylvia Pezoldt

Use a box about the size of a shoe box. In the middle of one end cut a slot about 3 inches long and an inch wide, spaced for good viewing. Discard the lid. Cover the box with colored paper or Christmas wrapping paper.

Before covering the top, arrange the scene. Remember that the viewer will be looking through the slot as down an aisle, so the edges of the scenery must be glued to the sides of the box to stand out.

For the ground of the scene, use sand-colored paper to represent smooth, wind-swept desert country. Cut some rounded hills of the same paper to paste on both sides of the box.

A silhouette of a city with flat roofs and a few rounded towers to represent an ancient Biblical city can be cut from black construction paper, and pasted low against the back of the box. Place a brilliant star above the city, using glitter or silver paper. The correct position is supposed to be at the right where the wise men saw it. The three kings on their camels could be cut from a Christmas card, or plain black silhouettes may be cut from construction paper. Space them among the sand hills, journeying toward the star.

Finish with a cover of yellow tissue paper over the top of the box. Now peep through the slot and see how interesting this scene is. Last, cover the top with plain tissue paper, put on very smoothly so that the light can come through to make it look like the sky.



Tree Mobiles

By Barbara Baker

Cut a green construction paper triangle, higher than it is wide across the bottom. A 5½-inch triangle, for instance, should be 4 inches across the bottom. Any size can be used, even up to 18 inches high.

Cut the triangle into strips, crosswise as shown, leaving a triangle top. Arrange the strips in order, with space between as illustrated. Lay a long piece of colored string up the middle and paste it to the pieces with gummed tape. Leave enough string at the top to make a hanger, and enough at the bottom to attach the base.

Cut the base on a fold of construction paper. Run the bottom of the string through a hole in the center of the base fold. Knot the string inside the fold, then paste the base together at the bottom.

Decorate the strips on both sides with sequins, stars, glitter, or anything that shines.

When these tree mobiles are hung, the strips will swing in different directions.

Headwork



Do you pick up things with your hands or with your feet?

Where are your ankles?

Show how you shout. How you cough. How you grunt. How you squeal.

Did you ever see your daddy stand on his head?

Which is softer, fur or stone?

What part of a fish is farthest from its head?

Which tastes more sour, a lemon or an orange?

Do we see more birds in winter or in summer?

Why don't you swallow your tongue?

Why don't we often see cows out in fields when snow is on the ground?

What is the difference between a bus and a truck?

Who is older, your sister or your mother?

When you coast on snow, might you get hurt more easily at the top of the hill or at the bottom? Why?

Why don't you take pancakes to school for lunch?

How are frost and dew alike? How are they different?

What do you mean when you say the sun sets? Where do snakes stay in winter?

How do you know where to get on a bus?

Look at the pictures on page 26. Now close the book and, without looking at the pictures again, name as many of them as you can. Then turn back to page 26 and see how many you remembered.

"There's frost this morning," Daddy said as he looked out the window. How did he know?

When Mother looked at the electric clock (which was going), she said, "Oh, the electric power must have been off at some time." Why did she say this?

What is the difference between dreaming while you are asleep and dreaming while you are awake?

"We might get stuck if we park the car here," said Mrs. McCarthy. "No," replied Mr. McCarthy, "there's ice only where the front wheels will be." Why did he say this?

Why is a trailer fastened behind a car or truck by a heavy bar or rod, and not by a rope or chain?

When George saw deer tracks in the snow, he said, "That deer must have been running fast." What caused him to say this?

Why do many of the houses in a city have more floors or stories than a house in the country?

A man was chopping down a tree near a house. When he had chopped far into the tree, two strong men stood on the side next to the house and pushed as the tree was leaning a bit toward the house. Can you think of a better way to keep that tree from falling on the house?

Parents! Important Notice

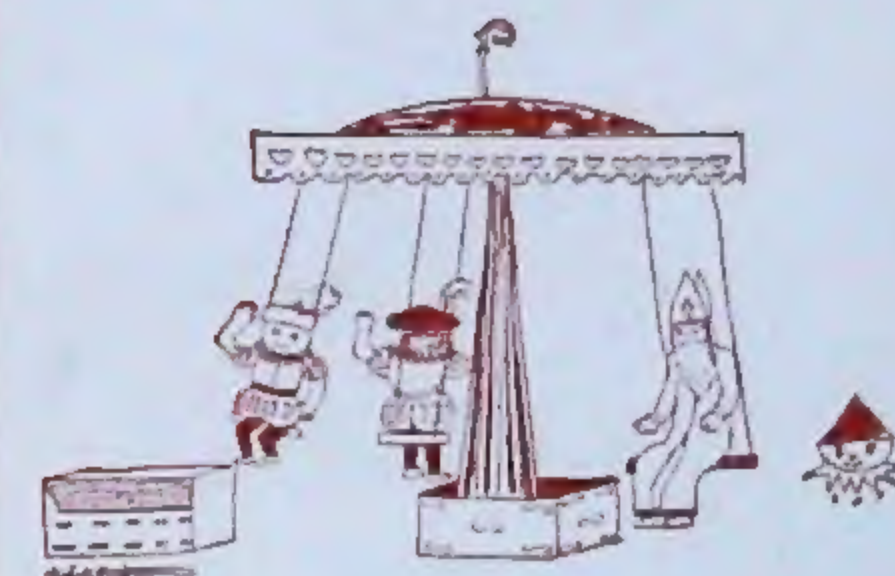
We have full-time or part-time work for mothers and others in many areas as Highlights sales representatives. This is an opportunity for pleasant, profitable, useful work—your chance to perform a real service to your community and at the same time add substantially to your income. If you have a car and full-time or regular part-time hours available, write to Richard H. Bell, Director of Representative Sales, Highlights for Children, Inc., P. O. Box 269, Columbus 16, Ohio.



Elly den Daas, Age 12



Hanneke Kusters, Age 13



Lenneke W. Witte, Age 11

Drawings by Children of the Netherlands



M. ter Horst, Age 11



Hans Schabracq, Age 12



Hans Vinke, Age 12



Joke Pallada, Age 6



Johnnie Proost, Age 5



Dick Deutekom, Age 12



Marjan Wolschrijn, Age 10

Good-bye!

until next month



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